In this Issue

Vol. 149 July 4, 1928 No. 10

The World This Week:

"I Have Not" 363
Regardless 363
First Citizen of Texas . . . 363
Old-Timer 364
Society Item 364
Hoover's Lieutenants 364
Mr. Butler Forgets 365
Dim Vistas in Egypt 365
France Revalues the Franc . . 365
Some Letters Are Read . . . 365
Kellogg Rushes Ahead with His Peace Plan 366
A Warning Unheeded 366
American Books, English Gold . 366
Murder or Lynching? . . . 366
Donn Byrne 367
Lest the South Forget 367
Footprints at Christie's . . . 367
Home-Grown Rubber 367
The End of "I Guess" . . . 368
"Gentlemen" of the Press . . 368
Two Views of the Press . . . 368
Artificial Diamonds Again . . 369
What Ho! Poets 369
The "Black List" Fight Goes On 369
Colonel Callahan to Mr. Raskob 370
Shifting Scenes in Germany . . 370
A Poem is "Writ" 370
Windows on the World . . . 371
By Malcolm W. Davis

Editorials:

Sane Sanity Tests 372
What Really Matters 372
Foundations of Government . . 372

Articles:

The Party of Governor Smith . 373
By Dixon Merritt

Heat at Houston 374
By Henry F. Pringle

Ben Eielson—Arctic Explorer . 378
By Vilhjalmur Steffansson

California and Yale Triumph . 380
By Herbert Reed

A Strauss Première 382
By Eugene Bonner

The Play's the Thing 385
By Marian Hurd McNeely

Otto the Magnificent 386
By Harry Salpeter

The Faith of the Scientist . . 388
By O. F. Kerlin

Miniatures from the Life . . . 389
By Ibby Hall

The Movies 390
By A. M. Sherwood, Jr.

Ivory, Apes and Peacocks . . 391
By W. R. Brooks

Wall Street Had a Little Lamb . 392
By Thomas H. Gammack

Grandmother's Parched Peas . 393
A Tale for Children by Harriet Eager Davis, *as remembered by* Josephine E. Toal

Speaking of Books:
Edited by Frances Lamont Robbins 394
Picked at Random, by Walter R. Brooks 397

Salt Marshes 362
Dry-point by Richard E. Bishop

From Publisher—To You . . 361

Francis Rufus Bellamy, Publisher Ernest Hamlin Abbott, Editor-in-Chief

ASSOCIATE EDITORS
Malcolm Waters Davis Dixon Merritt Harold T. Pulsifer
Frances Lamont Robbins Parkhurst Whitney

William L. Ettinger, Jr., Advertising Manager

Walter Thalen, Circulation Manager

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From Publisher—To You

ONE of the most interesting theories about humanity is that one which holds reason in very low repute, and is of the opinion that emotion and impulse constitute about all there is to human activity.

ACCORDING to this theory, waves of emotion generated by leaders, fanatics, prophets—these make the world move, though naturally not always in the direction of progress. Indeed, any conception of progress toward a set goal is ruled out by this theory. Humanity resembles more the waves of the ocean. Sometimes it merely tosses up and down. Only when great leaders draw it or blow it in definite directions do things get done, whether good or bad. But first of all, it is emotion which moves humanity—and reason has not so much to do with it as we have been led to believe.

IN the light of this theory, it is entertaining to speculate on the coming campaign. For it instantly becomes very simple. All you have to do is to decide whether Al Smith can blow the waters hard enough to make them move.

FOR it seems fairly evident that, taking him by and large, Hoover is not of the brand that storms the barricades. He will not agitate the emotional ocean very deeply, for when the pool is still, it is normally Republican; and Hoover is not out to blow up any storms. Why try to blow your own pool anywhere? Seek rather to calm it, and devise measures to prevent too much tossing.

AL SMITH, on the other hand, in so far as he possesses political power, possesses it because he charms and moves crowds of men. He gets the ocean to tossing. He is a blower, not a calmer.

THIS being so, just how much dynamic emotional power has he? Can he move men outside of New York State as he has done within it? Is he of the Roosevelt-Bryan-Wilson brand? Can he make ocean waves in men's hearts? If he can, he is our next President. If he cannot, Mr. Hoover is.

IT'S an entertaining theory, anyway.

Francis Rufus Bellamy

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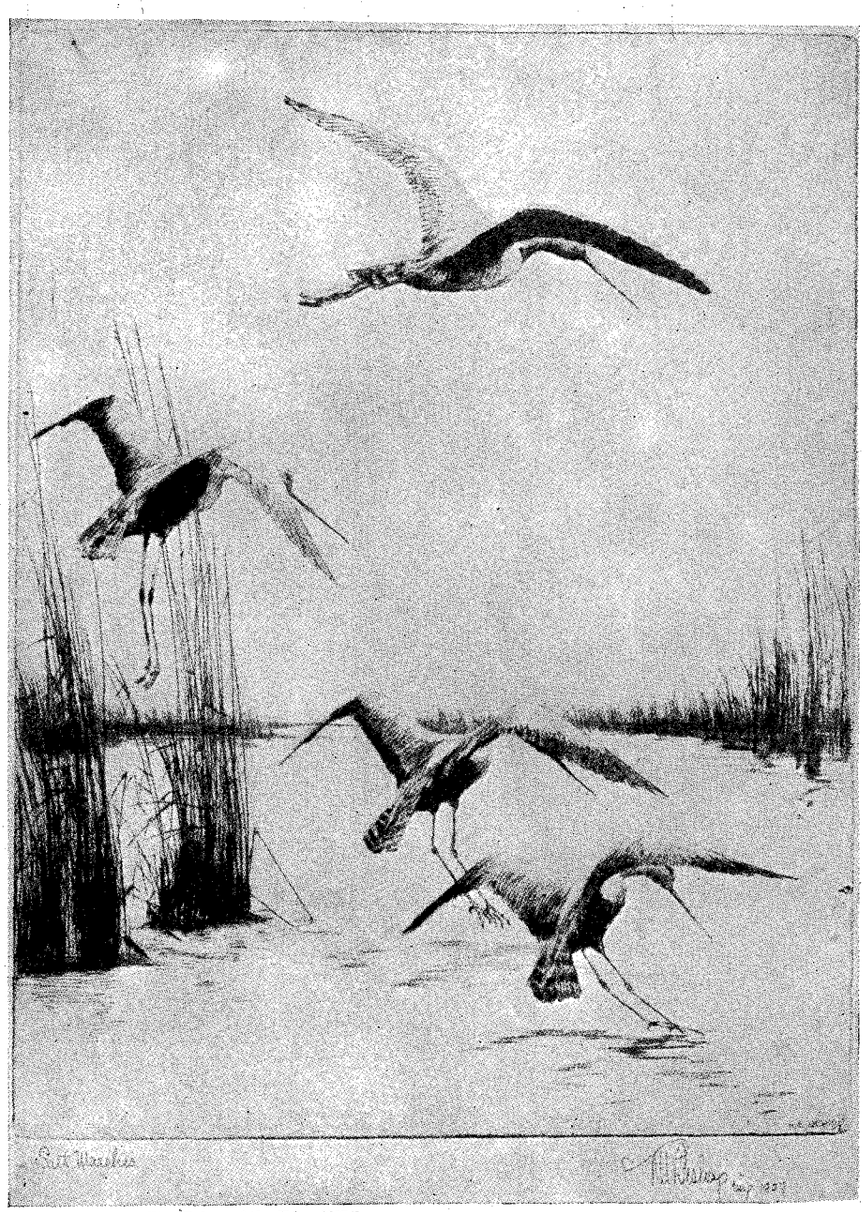

Reproduced from "Fine Prints of the Year, 1927"

SALT MARSHES

Dry-point by Richard E. Bishop

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The Outlook

July 4, 1928

The World This Week

"I Have Not"

INTO Houston doddered Norman E. Mack, Democratic National Committeeman from New York. Said he, at a time when Smith managers were trying to keep prohibition in the background:

"I hope that the prohibition plank will square with Governor Smith's position. He is for State's rights—that is, for the States deciding whether they shall permit the sale and manufacure of beer after Congress shall define more liberally the limit as to an intoxicant under the Eighteenth Amendment. . . .

"Governor Smith has stood, and always will stand, for personal liberty and State's rights. He is opposed to prohibition. He is for temperance. . . . Governor Smith believes that if any State desires a certain alcoholic content of beverage, that State has the right to determine that content. If the State desires to be dry, then it is the right of that State to be dry."

Drys made much of this garrulous statesman's remarks. Worried Smith managers promptly retorted that Mr. Mack spoke for himself alone, and induced him to make a similar admission.

Nevertheless the substance of Mr. Mack's statements is the substance of Governor Smith's known attitude toward prohibition. He has never publicly advocated repeal of the Amendment. He has proposed a scientific determination of what alcoholic content is in fact intoxicating, modification of the Volstead Act in accordance with the findings, and the States to be free to establish their own percentage within that Federal maximum.

The soft-pedaling managers at Houston had but a short respite. The New York "World," foe of prohibition and friend of the Governor so long as he keeps his prohibition record straight, asked him:

"In view of the question raised at Houston about Norman Mack's statement, the 'World' wishes to know: Have you changed your belief that there should be amendment of the present prohibition provisions?"

"I have not," said Governor Smith.

Regardless

GOVERNOR SMITH had not said, "I have not," when various prohibitionists were already declaring that nothing he could do or say would make him acceptable to them; that neither a dry plank at Houston nor any utterance of the Governor in favor of enforcement could change their opinion of him. They were for Mr. Hoover and his "noble experiment" and against Smith, regardless.

Chief among these uncompromising enemies were F. Scott McBride, General Superintendent of the Anti-Saloon League, and his co-worker and National Secretary, Dr. S. E. Nicholson.

In Lincoln, Nebraska, on his way home from Kansas City, Mr. McBride announced:

"Al Smith has fought too long for the saloon and the brewer for him now to accept the alleged advice of Elihu Root, that he should pose at the Houston Convention as the champion of law enforcement."

And in New York next day Dr. Nicholson, taking up the challenge, said:

"Al Smith has fought too long for the saloon and the brewer for him now to pose at the Houston Convention as the champion of law enforcement."

If Al Smith were nominated, prophesied Dr. Nicholson, the consequences would be these: mobilization of the prohibitionists behind Hoover, the most militant campaign in the history of the Anti-Saloon League, and the worst defeat in the history of the Democratic Party.

First Citizen of Texas

THE first citizen of Houston, Texas, if not of the entire State, is Jesse Holman Jones, treasurer of the Democratic National Committee and the man who brought the Convention to Houston.

He was born in Tennessee in 1874, came to Texas when a boy, and his story is one of those so dear to Americans: the poor but honest youth who rises to eminence and fortune through hard, unceasing work. Today he is enormously wealthy, owning nearly forty large office buildings, among them the largest hotel and a thirty-five story office building now nearing completion. In addition he is the proprietor of the Houston "Chronicle," the leading afternoon newspaper. In New York City he owns six office buildings and apartment hotels.

He won the Convention for Houston by offering his own certified check for $200,000 and by promising to build a large hall. Since then the Texas Democrats indorsed him for the Presidency, and he was, as the Convention opened, the State's favorite son. A large, mild-voiced, placid man, Mr. Jones hides his tremendous energies behind an almost negative personality. He was close to the late Woodrow Wilson, directed the military relief section of the American Red Cross in the World War, and has been active in countless civic and National movements. Once unlettered and quite without formal education, he has developed into a fairly good public speaker and reads extensively. He has,

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Cartoon by Darling, copyright, 1928, New York Herald Tribune

The calf that mistook the advertisement for the real thing

it is said, one old-time Texas trait: an inclination towards betting. This does not frequently show itself, and he cares nothing for the races and little for cards. Occasionally, however, he will wager $500 or $1,000 on a proposition. When he does, he is not in the least disturbed by losing.

Old-Timer

EIGHTY years is a long time in the life, not merely of a man, but of a party. Yet the man who placed the name of Horatio Seymour before the Democratic National Convention of 1868 was present at the Democratic National Convention in Houston, puffing incessantly at a corncob pipe, his white beard bristling in vehemence when argument waxed warm. He was old Colonel Nick Bell, of Missouri, now. He was young Nicholas Bell, of Oregon, when sixty years ago he named the winning candidate in the Convention in New York. He has been a delegate to ten Democratic National Conventions, Secretary of three or four. He was an Assistant Postmaster-General under Cleveland and negotiated our postal conventions with many of the foreign countries. He was still active in postal affairs under Wilson and largely instrumental in establishing the parcels post. He is one of the last of the old, old school, of unswerving regularity, and powerfully impatient of candidates whose party record is not on straight.

Society Item

MAYOR BIG BILL THOMPSON entertained at dinner recently in Chicago's newest Municipal Garbage Disposal Plant. Afterward the guests inspected the refuse-laden wagons and dumps.

Hoover's Lieutenants

MR. HOOVER has started his first big task as candidate for the Presidency—the reconstruction of the Republican organization for the campaign. Presumably he has in mind also the character of the party leadership as he would have it

Shoemaker in the Chicago News

Sitting pretty

for his Administration if he is elected. Though he is heir to the Coolidge policies, he knows, of course, that he will be judged by his own decisions, both as to men to direct the National organization of the party and as to the issues of the campaign. His decisions as to some of the campaign leaders of the party have already been made known.

Secretary Hubert Work, of the Department of the Interior, is William M. Butler's successor as Chairman of the Republican National Committee. As Secretary of the Interior Dr. Work (for he is an M.D. as well as an ScD. and has practiced medicine) has been an able administrator and organizer and has for more than five years guarded well the public interests in his care. His gifts for political management have long been recognized and were effectively exercised in the Hoover pre-Convention campaign and at the Convention itself. Many of those engaged in that campaign had the amateur spirit, but they were well coached. Dr. Work has a good eye for political effects. Like the two candidates, he comes from west of the Mississippi. His home State is Colorado.

For Secretary of the National Committee he has chosen Franklin W. Fort, of New Jersey, Hoover floor manager in the Convention. Mr. Fort is a Representative in Congress from an industrial district, and the son of the late J. Franklin Fort, once Governor of New Jersey and one of the ablest and most high-minded of President Roosevelt's supporters. Like a good many others in the Hoover organization, he was in the Food Administration under Mr. Hoover.

A Chicago lawyer, formerly a Representative from Iowa, James W. Good, who gave up three months of his legal practice to help direct the Hoover campaign for the nomination, has, it is understood, been asked to serve during the election campaign as Western manager, and Senator Moses, of New Hampshire, Permanent Chairman of the Republican Convention, has, it is said, consented to act as Eastern manager.

Joseph R. Nutt, a banker of Cleveland, has been chosen Treasurer of the Republican National Committee.

The effort to keep in line those opponents of the Hoover candidacy who are now willing to forget their former animosity has been shown by the retention of Charles D. Hilles, of New York, on the Executive Committee. His faction, which was in control of the New York delegation to the Convention, had excluded from the New York organization all Hoover supporters. Of course he will no longer be a Vice-Chairman; but nei-

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ther he nor his group is apparently to be the object of any reprisal.

By these appointees and by the Executive Committee will largely be determined the character of the party which will ask for itself as well as for Mr. Hoover a vote of confidence.

Mr. Butler Forgets

NICHOLAS MURRAY BUTLER is quoted in the New York "World" as saying, "The Republicans are facing the worst defeat since 1852, when Winfield Scott was beaten, carrying only four States." Mr. Butler's memory seems to be a bit hazy. If our recollection is correct, the Republicans carried but two States with a total of eight electoral votes in 1912. Mr. Butler may recall the fact that he was the designated Republican candidate for Vice-President in that disastrous year.

Dim Vistas in Egypt

So much is widely known concerning the written history of Egypt, itself dating back about five thousand years, that the vastly longer periods of prehistory in the same country are frequently, if not nearly always, overlooked. The student of ancient man is now coming to feel that Egypt is likely to provide him with as valuable sources of knowledge as the striking ones he has discovered in Europe.

It is possible to trace in Egypt virtually the same sequence and evolution of stone age cultures that have been dated back in Europe toward half a million years. Recent despatches from London tell of the discovery in Egypt of 250 graves belonging to what anthropologists call the "Badarian" period, marked by a distinctive type of stone implements, beautiful, slender, symmetrical, perfectly fashioned. Heretofore this period has not been any too well defined, though the noted archæologist Sir Flinders Petrie refers it to about the date 14,000 B.C., using the slight annual rise in soil level of the Nile Valley as a basis for his calculations. He thinks this remarkable culture came into Egypt from the region of the Caucasus at about that time.

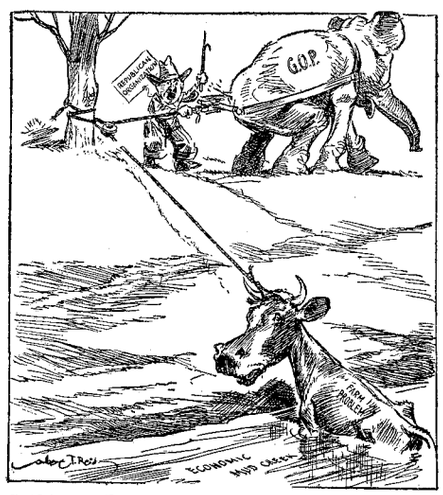
It happens that stone implements of the same slender, highly refined type of workmanship have been found in Europe, where they are known as the Solutrean culture, in circumstances which permit them to be given the same date, and it is thought that the heretofore mysterious Solutreans, whose evidences in the caves of Europe disappear after some two thousand years, may have been a branch of the same people who migrated at the same time to Egypt. However, the Badarian culture of Egypt, though similar, was more advanced than that of the Solutreans in Europe. The recent finds throw new light on this problem and on that perplexed puzzle of anthropologists—was civilization first hit upon in prehistoric Egypt, as one school of anthropology holds? It hints that civilization reached Egypt from Asia, where it was already well under way.

Weed in the New York Evening World
Copyright Press Publishing Company (N. Y. World), 1928

Smooth as a billiard ball

France Revalues the Franc

PREMIER POINCARÉ, of France, has presented his plan to fix the value of the franc at a definite point and secured its adoption. Ever since the war the rate of exchange for French currency has fluctuated up and down—now dangerously low, now comparatively high—because it was not on a basis of payment in gold on demand. The Premier proposed to set the worth of the franc at 65½ milligrammes of gold, .900 fine, making it equivalent to 3.93 cents, or 25.52 francs to the dollar, about the prevailing market rate. Roughly, this was one-fifth of the value of the franc before the war.



Reid for the Kansas City Star

The first job

The Bank of France will be required to maintain gold reserves equal to 35 per cent of the paper currency in circulation. Recently, the French reserve has been increased by the shipment of $14,000,000 in gold from New York, making a total movement of over $200,000,000 to France, and France still has large amounts of gold to her credit in the United States.

Poincaré laid his bill before the Chamber, and it was at once referred to the Finance Committee.

The Chamber of Deputies passed the measure by a vote of 450 to 22 and the Senate by 256 to 3. This act brings the last important European nation back to the gold standard.

Some Letters Are Read

A PROPAGANDIST for private ownership of public utilities took the stand in the continuing investigation of the Federal Trade Commission, sitting in officially deserted Washington.

Mr. John B. Sheridan, Director of the Missouri Commission on Public Utility Information, told how he had organized press associations, hired university professors, and thwarted opposition speakers—all in the cause of private ownership.

Then attorneys for the Commission began producing letters from Mr. Sheridan to like-minded friends, and from them to him.

Mr. Sheridan to Mr. Thorne Browne, Nebraska propagandist:

"What can we do when the financiers will inflate, over-capitalize, sell securities based on blue sky or hot air, and rates must be kept up to pay returns on said blue sky and hot air?

"The best public relations stuff in the world is a nice little reduction of rates. Do we get it? We do not. I know places where I believe a thirteen-cent top rate should be eight cents. . . .

"There is nothing inherently sacred in private or public ownership. It all depends on which works out to the best for the public. If cities and States own and operate highways, schools, streets, sewers, water supply, why not electric and gas plants?

"I believe in private ownership, but I don't believe in subsidizing it three to six cents per kilowatt hour. The privately owned industry should be ashamed of itself to permit a municipally owned plant, operated on the square, to under-

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sell it four to six to seven cents per kilowatt hour. . . .

"Unless the industry is honest and on the level, it will kill itself. Ninety per cent of it is honest enough. It must be 100 per cent honest. And it must come to recognize that public utilities are not private dice, or playing-cards or chips in a poker game, but public trusts to be administered carefully, cautiously, economically, with the interests of investors in fixed securities and public, which are identical, coming before profits on common stock or upon inflation of securities.

"What's the remedy? Why, hang the offenders high as Haman, upon the gibbet of publicity."

Mr. John. W. Colton, editor of the "American Electric Railway Association Magazine," to Mr. Sheridan:

"The thing about the utility industry that disgusts me is the lying, trimming, faking, and downright evasion of trust, of violation of trust, that marks the progress toward enormous wealth of some of the so-called big men in the industry. When I see some of these fellows waving the flag, I am filled with not only disgust but rage, for they are anything but patriots."

Mr. Sheridan to Mr. Colton:

"I agree with everything you say, but I have found more honest people in the industry than you have. The trouble with them seems to be that they are so timid and fearsome. Of course, the biggest of them are only messenger boys of money, and all slaves of money are timid.

"We are raising a lot of thoroughly drilled 'yes men' in the big corporations who have no opinions of their own. As soon as the old individualists die, and there are not so many of them left, I think the corporations will have a lot of trouble in getting good executives. After a man has served twenty to thirty years in one of these monstrous corporations he is not liable to have much mind of his own."

Mr. Sheridan confessed that much of his work was "out of line with his conscience."

Kellogg Rushes Ahead with His Peace Plan

ALL the Powers, the British Dominions, and Czechoslovakia and Poland having assented in principle to the American proposal for a joint treaty renouncing war, Secretary Kellogg has forwarded to them his final draft agreement. It makes one change in his earlier draft by embodying in the preamble a clause to provide that the signatories will be immediately released from their agreement as against any nation party to it that violates the terms of the mutual understanding.

Even with this modification, it appears that there will still be objections from France. Her Government feels that the meaning of the agreement to outlaw war may yet be different to different nations, and that its application should be more precisely clarified and defined—particularly as regards its effect on existing treaties, such as her Continental alliances. But progress toward eventual acceptance is well advanced, even though a conference may be requested and required to secure it.

Meanwhile, Mr. Kellogg has also invited the Latin-American nations to a conference on arbitration and conciliation in Washington in December, in accordance with the decision of the last Pan-American Congress.

A Warning Unheeded

THE most pathetic as well as the most striking incident of the telescoping process recently endured by security prices was the headlong fall of Bancitaly shares. They plunged from a price of more than $200 to less than $100. The drop meant disaster for thousands of investors and amateur speculators whose faith in Amadeo Peter Giannini had passed all limits of reason.

Because of the brilliant banking career of Mr. Giannini, the son of an Italian immigrant, Italian immigrants and Americans of Italian descent used every cent they could beg or borrow to buy stock of the Bancitaly Corporation, the tremendous investment trust controlled by Giannini interests. The securities behind these shares were worth not more than $100 a share, probably much less, but these buyers cared nothing for underlying values. Warned again and again by Mr. Giannini and his associates that the price was too high, they nevertheless kept purchasing more, helping to inflate the value still further. Not the least surprising feature of the collapse was its tardiness.

Two or three months ago Mr. Giannini sighed, "It's terrible when so many believe that you can do anything."

This thought must have occurred to him often in the last few weeks. Perhaps, too, he is wondering if he could not have devised measures drastic enough to stop the inflation.

The whole incident would have pleased Anatole France. Mr. Giannini has refused to acquire wealth. He has given away all but a small share of the fortune he has made. Yet his fame, based partly on his altruism, was the indirect cause of greater suffering than has been inflicted by many a wolf of Wall Street.

American Books, English Gold

LAST week we recorded the journey through London streets of seven tons of gold in an open, horse-drawn van; this week we report that when rare editions of Shakespeare went on a journey in this country armed guards went with them.

They were journeying to Cambridge, Massachusetts, from the Brooklyn home of the late William A. White, Harvard alumnus of the class of 1863. From his notable collection Dr. A. S. W. Rosenbach selected eighty-eight thin volumes as needed to complete the University collection of Shakespeare.

Among the precious items were a second edition, 1599, of "Romeo and Juliet," of which only twelve copies are known; first edition, 1598, "Love's Labour's Lost," one of eleven known copies, of which one was sold at auction some time ago for $21,000; a third edition, 1611, of "Hamlet;" a copy of "The Merchant of Venice," 1600; and a copy of "King Lear," 1608.

The "Harvard Alumni Bulletin" announces: "The present gift means that of the earlier editions of Shakespeare's separate plays, published before 1640, Harvard now has more than one-half, and of those published between 1640 and 1703 it has eighteen out of twenty-three."

The eighty-eight volumes were valued at $420,000.

Murder or Lynching?

AFTER the passing of at least four months without a recorded lynching in the whole country, that clean record was broken at Houston in the case of a Negro, Robert Powell, accused of killing a white detective in a gun fight. He was taken openly from a hospital, where he lay seriously wounded, by a handful of unmasked men and hanged on a bridge.

The citizens of Houston were shocked that such a happening should closely precede the gathering of delegates to the great Democratic Convention. Lynching is not merely an exceptional occurrence in Houston, but the recent crime is the first of its kind that has taken place there for fifty years. Moreover, the city has a Commission on Inter-Racial Cooperation with members of both races, and they jointly issued a denunciation of the barbarity. In this action many other associations and clubs have concurred, and some of them declare that this kill-

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ing was really a cold-blooded murder rather than a lynching. An appropriation of $10,000 was voted by the city Council for an investigation by a committee of six, two members of which are Negroes.

There has been a distinctly marked decrease of late years in the number of lynchings. It is due very largely to the progress in many States of commissions with white and colored members, in which matters of concern to both races are considered fairly and prejudice and hatred discouraged. Houston is in the van of the movement.

Donn Byrne

It may seem inaccurate to speak of a man nearly forty years old who has been writing romances and tales for perhaps eight years as a promising young writer. Yet this is the impression that Donn Byrne's literary output leaves in the mind. One feels that he had his best work yet to do. That again was because Byrne, with all his charm, grace, and imaginative quality, had not strength in construction and proportion. Mr. Cabell called Byrne's first story, "Messer Marco Polo," "a very magically beautiful book." If he had attained the art of building up characters and dealing with them as real men and women under actual life conditions; or if, on the other hand, he had emphasized the fantastic and humorous side of Irish folk-lore as James Stephens does, Byrne might quite likely have attained a wider audience. As it was, those who liked his work liked it very much, and the practical result enabled him, as he said, to become an American-Irish immigrant in Ireland. His best-known books after "Messer Marco Polo" were "The Wind Bloweth," "Hangman House," and the short stories in "Changelings."

Donn Byrne's death near his home in County Cork was singular. He persisted in continuing to drive his motor car after it was so evident that the steering gear was broken that his companion refused to go on with him, and he met his fate by the car's drop from a sea-wall into the water.

Lest the South Forget

A fireproof library will shortly join the college buildings at Chapel Hill, North Carolina, where the University of North Carolina has its home, and that is the place to send love letters, diaries, reminiscences, plantation records, files of newspapers, or any other printed matter that reflects the social, industrial, and political history of the South.

Dr. Joseph Gregoire de Roulhac Hamilton, Professor of History at Chapel Hill, has discovered that Southerners have been more careless than Yankees and Westerners with their old documents, and the University aims to remedy this condition before rats and spring bonfires complete the work of destruction.

Material already collected includes

WINNER OF THE OPEN GOLF CHAMPIONSHIP

Johnny Farrell, who defeated Bobby Jones at the Olympia Fields Country Club, Chicago, in a 36-hole play-off, after they tied for first place in the contest

40,000 bound volumes and pamphlets, which seems a respectable beginning.

"The collection," Dr. Hamilton has announced, "will include, so far as possible today, every book or pamphlet of any kind on any subject written in the South or by a Southerner."

It will also include historical works, monographs, biographies, essays, poetry, fiction, sermons, files of periodicals and of newspapers, manuscript material, records of industrial undertakings—in brief, every kind of material that will reveal the life and thought of the masses of the people of the South.

Will the collection also include recipes for mint julep and Christmas punch?

Footprints at Christie's

Sir James Barrie went down to Oxford the other night to speak at the annual dinner of the Rhodes scholars. Perhaps the young men hoped he would let off another blast at his generation, such as went echoing around the world after his famous post-war address at St. Andrews. But the war is receding, the young dead are old dead; and Sir James in a whimsical vein advised his audience to eschew greatness.

Said he:

" 'Lives of great men all remind us we can't make our lives sublime'—but they may bring us nearer to it—'and departing leave behind us footprints on the sands of time.' I don't know that you should rollick in anticipation of that. Those footprints (even if you believe in them)—what will happen to them at the end? They will be carefully sliced off and sold at Christie's.

"On my soul, . . . I believe you would be wiser, if it doesn't incommode you too much, to stop short of greatness. . . . To be very able is safer. One place where immortals are never seen is at the top table.

"One hopes you are leaving Oxford feeling, as the old saying has it, that red blood boils in your veins, that you hear a thousand nightingales, could eat all the elephants in Hindustan and pick your teeth with the spire of Strasbourg Cathedral. That's the spirit.

"If to despise us helps you in your enthusiasm, then, gentlemen, continue. Far worse than your scorning us beyond reason would be your not having the cheery belief that you can all do better. If in firing at some of our performances you feel that the straightest line is through our bodies—still fire."

Home-Grown Rubber

While numerous paper projects form from time to time the subject of a great deal of talk about the future of home-grown American rubber, a group of practical rubber men are actually growing rubber at the present moment on a several-thousand-acre scale not far south of San Francisco. Guayule is the name of the wild Texas-Mexican shrub which has been successfully domesticated, and it grows, not in hot, damp, tropical forest country, but under cool, annually frosted desert or semi-desert conditions. Whether guayule is the equal of the true product of the well-known rubber tree

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(*Hevea*) is a question many would decide in the negative, but authorities would agree that it is as good for some purposes and almost as good for most as the more familiar product.

Ten million pounds is the present annual production of the California "plantation." The recent history of the romantic American effort to raise rubber north of the tropics has just been told in the "Scientific American" by the noted plant biologist Dr. D. T. MacDougal, of the research staff of the Carnegie Institution. In order to compete with cheap Malayan labor, the entire process from the sowing of the seeds to the harvest of the shrubs is mechanized—"Fordized," as it were. Thus while one laborer accounts for the production of 1,600 pounds of tree rubber annually in the Far East, in California, with the aid of tractor cultivators and power harvesters, a single workman produces 25,000 pounds of guayule. The harvest is wholly unlike the harvest of tree rubber, the plants being pulled up and ground to shreds in machines.

Only in extreme mechanization will lie the secret of economically successful American rubber growing. No efforts to raise the Brazilian rubber tree in the United States has amounted as yet to more than a curiosity, and the same is virtually true of synthetic rubber.

The End of "I Guess"

MANY words have been bandied back and forth between those who believe in forest conservation and those who apparently do not concerning the extent to which a covering of forest retains and holds back flood waters. While there has been little tendency to assert that there is absolutely no difference between the two, it is a fact that no one has known before in a definite or quantitative sense how much forests are actually responsible for modifying stream flow.

The United States Forest Service and the Weather Bureau have just brought to a conclusion an exhaustive experiment begun as long ago as 1909. In the Rio Grande National Forest near Wagon Gap, Colorado, two contiguous forested mountain tracts of two hundred acres each were painstakingly selected, each being closely similar to the other in topography and forest cover. The plan was to observe them carefully and most minutely for a period of years, noting accurately every detail of meteorology, stream flow, and so on, and then to denude one of the areas and continue the measurements as before for another period of years. This has been done, and the results summarized by officials of the Forest Service and the Weather Bureau; the report is published by the "Monthly Weather Review" of the latter bureau. It turned out that after deforestation there was an excess of stream flow from the denuded area of twenty-two to thirty-five per cent, while the load of silt eroded away by the streams increased five to fifteen fold.

For so lengthy an experiment the facts obtained are brief, but they are to the point. No one can argue by the "I guess" method any more when the question of the influence of deforestation on flood comes up for debate. The illustrated sixty-page report makes interesting reading to those who dislike the "I guess" method of thinking just adverted to.

"Gentlemen" of the Press

ON the eve of the execution of Ruth Snyder and Judd Gray, Warden Lawes, of Sing Sing, summoned the reporters and said:

"Gentlemen, I have been informed that some of you are equipped with watch cameras—that is, cameras concealed in watches. Whether this is true or not, I do not know, and I shall not have you searched. I wish, however, to inform you that the taking of a picture in the death chamber constitutes an unlawful act. And I trust all of you to do the right thing. Please do not exaggerate what you are about to see.

"I cannot tell you what to write, but I do ask you to do one thing: give your readers an exact picture of what takes place, of what you see."

The next morning readers of the tabloid "News," of New York City, saw on the first page a picture of the woman in the chair.

In a recent issue of "Liberty" Sidney Sutherland tells how it was done. A tiny camera was strapped to the ankle of Sutherland's co-worker, a photographer specially hired for the job. The shutter was manipulated by a cable that ran to the photographer's trouser pocket. By breaking out of line on the march to the death house, the two men were able to secure front seats for the electrocution. When Ruth Snyder was strapped in the chair, the photographer raised his trouser leg, pressed the plunger, counted six—and the thing was done.

The "News" sold more than a million and a half copies of that issue.

Sutherland's answer to Warden Lawes's instructions to the press is:

"Well, the only readers who got an exact picture, as the warden wanted, were the readers of the 'Daily News' and such affiliated newspapers as printed the picture scoop."

The tabloid city editor's view of the ethics of the act was:

"We planned to get the picture, and we got it."

So much for ethics.

Two Views of the Press

DR. HENRY FAIRFIELD OSBORN, President of the American Museum of Natural History and foe of Fundamentalists:

"From prolonged daily observation of child life and habit, and of home, school, college, and university life, I believe the modern American press to be the greatest enemy of the teacher, because it destroys all the finer creative powers of the mind, establishes false standards of human endeavor, and gives a distorted perspective of current life. With certain heroic exceptions, . . . it represents the climax of the metamorphosis and metempsychosis of the modern age, the utmost revolution from the conditions which surrounded the youthful Benjamin Franklin, natural philosopher and pioneer of American science.

"Literature, music, art, and the stage filled 121 columns, or 28.3 per cent of space, in six issues of Franklin's 'Saturday Evening Post' of 1823–4, whereas misconduct and crime filled only twenty columns, or 4.8 per cent, of the space.

"Today in the 4,731,332 daily newspaper circulation in and around New York City, literature art, music, and the stage fill 208 columns, 3.8 per cent of the space, as against 1,500 columns, or 25.6 per cent of space, devoted to fashion, athletics, and sport; 191 columns, or 3.8 per cent of space, devoted to misconduct and crime; 38 columns, or only seven-tenths of one per cent, devoted to religion; and at the very bottom four-tenths of one per cent devoted to education."

John Stewart Bryan, editor and publisher of the Richmond, Virginia, "News-Leader:"

"It is not only the editor who makes the paper. The cub reporter, the humble solicitor, the printer's devil, the stereotype apprentice, the press-room fly boy, all are essential parts of this great machine, whose one and sole purpose is to turn on the light and tell the truth; as perpetual protagonists for freedom of thought, by defending and extending the freedom of the press.

"As lantern trimmers for the conscience of men, as humble workers in the great lighthouses that throw across the world the beams of knowledge and

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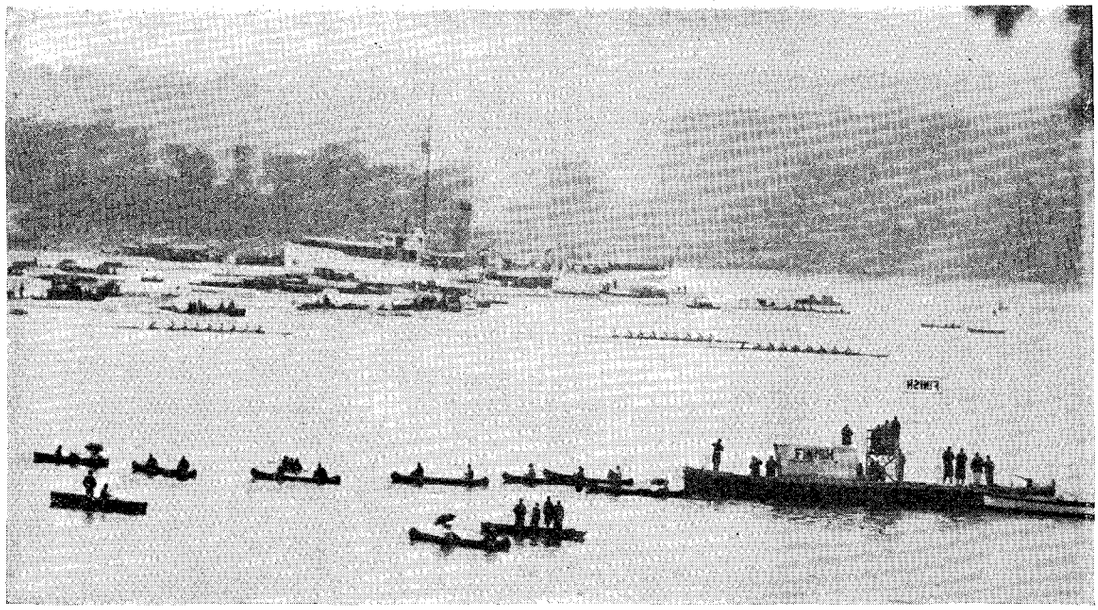

Wide World

The California Varsity crew winning from Columbia, the nearest rival, by three-quarters of a length in the Poughkeepsie regatta. **See page 380**

the radiance of truth, I know today of no vocation which offers a greater field for dispelling deadly prejudice and enlarging life-giving liberty than that afforded by high-souled service through the press of the United States of America."

With which elegant peroration we are through with the press for the moment.

Artificial Diamonds Again

WHETHER diamonds can be produced artificially and whether they ever have been so produced in the laboratory is a question on which light has recently been thrown by new experiments performed in England by Sir Charles Parsons and Mr. H. M. Duncan. These scientists report in the negative; they think those who believed they had made diamonds were mistaken.

Nearly every one will automatically link the name of the Frenchman Professor Henri Moissan with laboratory diamonds. Moissan, it will be recalled, melted pure iron with sugar charcoal in an electric arc and then plunged the intensely hot mass into icy water. It was widely believed at the time that the crystals which resulted from the sudden chilling and high shrinkage pressure were genuine diamonds formed from the carbon of the sugar, and for a time we were all regaled with sensational magazine and newspaper predictions that diamonds, as a result of Moissan's discovery, would soon become as plentiful and as cheap as dirt.

In 1918 Sir Charles Parsons repeated the Moissan experiments without success. However, he accepted Moissan's opinion, as Moissan's authority was formidable. Sir Charles and his assistant have now returned to the romantic effort, repeating the same experiments under the most rigid conditions. Their verdict is that no diamonds have ever been produced in the laboratory. What previously appeared to be diamonds artificially made were only minerals simulating them. Nature's process remains as much of a secret as ever.

What Ho ! Poets

POETS, come out of your garrets! Here's a chance for you to earn—and possibly to get—$1,000. We have just received a circular offering that generous sum "for a masterpiece . . . to stimulate genius in its most incandescent sense."

"Incandescent sense" seems to be the right phrase in the right place when you peruse further the specifications for the manuscripts. Here they are:

"To win this award a script must be freighted with meteoric ore; must display the elements of beauty or power; the stamp and glow of immortal stuff.

"Writers who would rank for this honor must turn their emotions loose. Labored and artificial pantings, of the kind recently touted, will be ineffectual in this contest. Your document must grip and burn like Nessus' magic shirt."

Mr. Walter Clare Martin, who announces himself as a "nationally noted writer and advertising man," stands sponsor for the award. There is no evidence that Mr. C. C. Pyle is a co-guarantor.

We almost forgot to say that there is a fly in this $1,000 ointment. The circular says: "If nothing of immortal stature looms up before January First, an award of $100.00 will be declared for the best script of the lot."

Well, a hundred dollars is a hundred dollars—if you can get it.

The "Black List" Fight Goes On

THE famous "black list" controversy of the Daughters of the American Revolution, which has both amused and irritated outsiders at regular intervals these several months, has caused some prominent members to resign, goes merrily on.

Mrs. Helen Tufts Bailie began it with a charge that National officers had sent to chapters a list of speakers whose views on various matters did not agree with those of the National society, the inference being that such persons were not to air their subversive ideas before the local ladies.

A merry fight was started thereby and was carried into the National Convention at Washington, where the ladies are occasionally referred to as the Daughters of the Annual Row. Mrs. Alfred J. Brosseau, President-General, has always insisted that no such list existed. There was evidence, however, of a community of spirit between National officers and Mr. Fred. J. Marvin, Director of the Key Men of America, who furnishes reports on radicals and pacifists for a consideration.

Charges were preferred against Mrs. Bailie, and a few days ago she was expelled from the order.

Mrs. Brosseau interprets the action as establishing her claim "that no such thing as a black list has ever been au-

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thorized by the National society. We are especially happy that the establishment of this fact was brought about through Mrs. Bailie's own admission."

Mr. George W. Alger, attorney for Mrs. Bailie, retorts that the President-General's interpretation "is quite erroneous.

"The National Board of Management studiously avoided making the black-list question and the use of the black list an issue at Mrs. Bailie's trial. . . . Only one charge made originally against Mrs. Bailie placed this black list in issue. The charge itself was withdrawn. . . . The main charge against Mrs. Bailie was that while a member of the organization she had no right truthfully to criticise its officers, State and National, and that to do so in any way was to disturb the peace and harmony of the organization."

As for that famous "black list," which named such dangerous persons as William Allen White and Professor Irving Fisher, of Yale, Mrs. Bailie's lawyer says that, while she admitted at the trial that she had no personal knowledge of the issuance of them, except in Massachusetts, her testimony showed that similar lists had been used in Michigan, Kansas, and elsewhere.

"The testimony also showed the aid and encouragement afforded by the National officers . . . to the extension of the black-list system of doubtful speakers and doubtful organizations through the various States, by the aid and encouragement which they gave, particularly to Fred Marvin, whose Key Men of America and Daily Data Service Mrs. Bailie criticised."

The fight, Mr. Alger promises, will continue.

Colonel Callahan to Mr. Raskob

In a rejoinder to Mr. John J. Raskob, Chairman of the Finance Committee of General Motors, Colonel P. H. Callahan, President of the Louisville Varnish Company and former President of the National Paint, Oil & Varnish Association, denies that he took Mr. Raskob to task for his connection with the National Association opposed to Prohibition. He says that he simply asked Mr. Raskob what substitute for prohibition he had in mind, and he complains that Mr. Raskob has ignored his request.

An outline of Mr. Raskob's arguments against prohibition was reported in The Outlook for June 13. In his letter in rejoinder, Colonel Callahan counters with arguments for prohibition. In contrast to Mr. Raskob's experience, he cites Henry Ford, John D. Rockefeller, and the late Judge Gary as witnesses to the economic benefits prohibition has produced, and declares that purchasing power has increased because "our people have to save, spend, or invest at least $4,000,000,000 which would otherwise be wasted on intoxicating liquors."

As to constitutionality, he notes that "we are very fortunate in having an institution that eliminates the private interpretation of our Consitution and laws, and the Supreme Court has fully considered the legality of prohibition." He denies that prohibition infringes personal liberty, declaring that "the 'right of the individual' to do what he pleases regardless of the common good is both immoral and illegal." He recognizes an increasing disrespect for law, but, he inquires, "paraphrasing Shakespeare, 'Why shake your gory locks at us prohibitionists?' " It is, he says, those who are against, not for, prohibition who are disregarding the law. And he does not regard the majority, who he believes favor prohibition, of being guilty of the intolerance of which they have been accused.

It is not prohibition, he thinks, but liquor that is the paramount question. For "centuries," he says, "almost every civilized nation has suffered from the evils of liquor and in one after another liquor has been now a home problem, now a social problem, now an industrial problem, now a political problem, and always more or less of a moral problem taking toll of the character and the manhood of our race." He cites statistics of the Commissioner of Internal Revenue, of the New York "World" and the New York "Times," and the Methodist Board of Temperance, Prohibition, and Public Morals to buttress his view that enforcement has improved. He agrees that prohibition has not brought about the full results desired and "has occasioned some evils which we did not expect." He desires, therefore, to know what substitute for prohibition can be suggested that has not already been proved fruitless.

Shifting Scenes in Germany

The new Chancellor of the next German coalition Government is to be Hermann Mueller, leader of the Social Democrats and a former Cabinet head. He is finding trouble in forming a Ministry that will command in the Reichstag the majority he desires, made up also of the Catholic Center Party, the Democrats, and the Bavarian People's Party. These groups, with the Social Democrats, formed the "Weimar Coalition" that put through the Republican Constitution. Differences between the Social Democrats and the People's Party, representing conservative and industrial interests, have blocked efforts to include this influential faction. But the Chancellor plans to keep its leader, Dr. Gustav Stresemann, as Foreign Minister.

At the same time the German Government has been engaged in a controversy with S. Parker Gilbert, the American Agent-General for Reparation Payments. In his latest report Mr. Gilbert has declared that Germany is able to meet the full schedule of payments required by the Dawes Plan; and he has also suggested that the railroads raise freight and passenger rates to provide larger revenues. Germany still argues that the burden is too heavy to carry, with trade declining, and the retiring Cabinet refused to raise railroad rates. The whole issue will have to come up again before the new Cabinet.

A Poem Is "Writ"

Robert Underwood Johnson, B.S., A.M., Ph.D., L.H.D., Commander of the Order of the Crown of Italy, Officer of the Order of Leopold (Belgium), Commander of the Order of St. Sava (Serbian), Grand Cordon of the Order of SS. Maurice and Lazarus (Italian), Grand Officer of the Legion of Honor (France), and Director of the Hall of Fame in New York City, has indited a poem to Miss Amelia Earhart upon the text of her remark that she was only baggage during her transatlantic flight. We republish it here as it appeared in the New York "Evening Post:"

"ONLY BAGGAGE"

By Robert Underwood Johnson

Only baggage? If we grant it,
  Ah, what precious freight was there!
Mother-courage, child-eyed wonder,
  Maiden spirit pure and fair,
With the whole world as her suitor—
  Atalanta of the Air!

Not a sordid thought went with her,
  Just the new pride of the West—
She a letter writ to Europe,
  Though it bore not crown or crest,
With nobility envisaged
  As the best of all our best.

Take her, England, to your hearthstone!
  Harbor, France, her flying feet!
'Tis a woman's soul we send you,
  Stronger than a friendly fleet;
And remember, in your welcome,
  'Tis America you greet.

Did Miss Earhart, as she took off from Trepassey, have any true realization of some of the perils that she faced?

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Windows on the World

By Malcolm W. Davis

SHOTS fired in the Yugoslav National Assembly have echoed all over Europe more loudly than any since those at Serajevo in 1914 that killed the Austrian Archduke and brought on the World War. No international conflict threatens now in consequence of this outbreak within the walls of the Belgrade Parliament, but it has shown how tense and perilous is the feeling over relations between Yugoslavia and Italy.

The tragedy arose out of the debates on Government policies, and particularly the ratification of the Nettuno conventions with Italy, permitting Italians to acquire land within thirty miles of the Yugoslav frontiers and coast-line. Stephan Raditch, the Croatian peasant leader, and his followers were violently opposing the agreements, on the ground that they would lay the country open to Italian penetration and subjugation. Infuriated by the insults that he and his supporters shouted at the Government benches, Punica Ratchitch, a Deputy of the Radical Government party, drew a revolver and rushed firing at the peasant spokesman. Paul Raditch, nephew of the leader, threw himself between his already wounded uncle and his assailant, and fell dead from a second shot. Other peasant Deputies tried to intervene, and before the assassin had emptied his gun four of them were down with serious wounds. In the confusion, Ratchitch escaped, and later gave himself up to the police.

Stephan Raditch suffered a serious wound near the heart, and the hospital where he was taken reported him in a dangerous condition.

Rioting followed in Zagreb, the center of his influence in Croatia, in which three persons lost their lives and some two-score civilians and policemen were injured. Raditch is the idol of the great majority of former Austrian South Slavs, reunited to Serbia as a result of the war, but far from being at rest in their changed allegiance. They have felt that they did not receive a just share in the Government with the dominant Serb element, and they are particularly antagonistic toward Italy.

What the effect on the situation of the Government and the Nettuno conventions with Italy may be is not yet clear. Immediately after the shooting the Democrats resigned from the coalition Cabinet, as a sign of protest. The settlement of the crisis, it was felt, would depend largely upon the action of King Alexander and upon the recovery or death of Stephan Raditch.

Wide World

SOUTH POLE, AHOY!

Commander Richard E. Byrd at the wheel of the Samson, the ice-breaker, which is to be used as a supply base for the Byrd Antarctic Expedition in the South Polar region

JAPAN has declared herself mistress of Manchuria. The significance of that fact overshadows for the moment every other development in the Far East.

True, Chang Hsueh-liang—a youth still in his twenties but reputed to be capable—has followed his father, Chang Tso-lin, as Manchurian dictator. The former war lord, who rose to power from banditry, died from injuries received when his train was blown up—as a result of a plot still unexplained—when he was returning to Mukden from Peking, where he had ruled for two years. But he succeeded in passing on the title of authority to his son. Yet the real rulers are the Japanese. They have said that, while they do not oppose a peaceful agreement between the Chinese Nationalists and the Manchurians, they will prevent hostilities from spreading into Manchuria—by force, if necessary. They have massed troops at border points to emphasize their determination.

"Call it a protectorate if you like," says Mr. Matsuoka, Vice-President of the Japanese-controlled South Manchurian Railway.

True also, Japan has withdrawn her flotilla from the Yangtze River, because of improved conditions in central China, and has denied a reported intention to demand foreign administration of Tsingtao and Tsinanfu, in Shantung Province, where her protection of Japanese residents and their considerable interests brought her into conflict with the Nationalists. But her declaration of a practical protectorate in Manchuria puts her in the dubious position of separating territory from China, actually if not in theory.

Chang Hsueh-liang has declared for an end of all civil war, negotiations with the Nationalists for a peaceful settlement of differences, and abolition of the "unequal treaties" and equal treatment for China. A long-headed and well-advised young man who evidently wishes to keep Manchuria Chinese. And undoubtedly the Nationalists will not seek to push the issue to an open clash with Japan in their present situation, and will come to some understanding with Chang. But the action of Japan will fan the smothered fire of Chinese resentment against her expansion on the Asiatic mainland.

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Sane Sanity Tests

THE ridiculous Remus case has had some beneficial consequences. It has made us see the utter futility of asking jurors to pass on the mental responsibility of a defendant. It has made us think about changes in criminal procedure that would prevent a repetition of the absurd scenes in the Cincinnati court-room, and the absurd consequences.

This "bootleg king" and ex-convict, it will be recalled, murdered his wife; defended his own case; pleaded insanity at the time of killing, but not a moment thereafter; turned the court-room into a circus; and so impressed the jury by his antics that they freed him on his own terms. He was later committed to an asylum, but has now been restored to full freedom by a decision of the Ohio Supreme Court.

A most sensible proposal for the mitigation of such travesties comes from the National Crime Commission. It is simply to dispose of the sanity test before trial; make it, not an alienist's holiday in the presence of a befuddled jury, but an issue between the court and experts who represent only science.

For, as the Commission observes:

> It is a difficult matter for the average jury to pass upon the sanity of an accused man. We tend to eliminate from juries the very minds that are best trained and able to weigh difficult problems of criminal procedure.
>
> But even if made up of a higher class of persons it is palpably inept to refer to a jury questions so intricate and ramified as the relation of mental abnormality to a criminal behavior problem.

This method is in effect, with variations, in Massachusetts and Colorado; and in the former State, the Commission reports, has reduced to less than one a year the number of cases where the defendant appears for trial with a retinue of "experts."

It commends itself for many reasons. Dr. Johnson lived before the day of insanity pleas, or he might have hesitated before defining the last refuge of scoundrels. Beyond that there is the question of a stricter rendering of justice. If a man is not sane, then he cannot be held legally responsible for his acts; his place is not the dock, but the psychopathic ward. If he is sane, then the question before the jury is "guilty or not guilty"—and nothing else.

The Crime Commission answers one objection neatly. The conservative person will want to know more about the disposition of these Remuses, these victims of "sudden insanity." Will they be as suddenly cured and restored to society?

"Sound psychiatry," the Commission retorts, "recognizes no such condition as 'sudden insanity.' "

Finally, such a change in criminal procedure would be one means of restoring to our courts their proper dignity. Of late they have seemed to be merging into the vaudeville circuit.

What Really Matters

ALTHOUGH Vice-President Marshall once defined the one great issue before the American people as the need for a good five-cent cigar, we think that there are other matters more vital to our peace and content. They were not discussed at Kansas City, nor do we expect to find them in the Houston platform. If we were to look for light on these matters in the neighborhood of any political personage, we should hie ourselves to Wisconsin and the President's fishing camp. There, as in thousands of other nooks and corners of the Republic, the burning issues of the hour relate, not to farm relief nor prohibition, but to age-old queries as to the state of the water and the appetite and curiosity of fish. Upon the walls of a Scottish inn there was once posted a bit of angling doggerel which ran approximately as follows:

> Sometimes too airly,
> Sometimes too late,
> Sometimes nae watter,
> Sometimes a spate.
> There's aye something wrang
> When fishing ye gang.

Yet the host of anglers grows greater with the passing years, for the sport is one of the few contemplative and philosophic recreations left to us in a day when happiness is rated chiefly in miles per hour. The true angler finds a thousand compensations even on the days when trout fail to rise or when bass persist in sleeping under their favorite lily-pads.

There will be many candidates during the next few weeks who would willingly exchange their hopes of office for a chance to handle Calvin Coolidge's rod.

Foundations of Government

A POLITICAL party whose management is corrupt, or torn with dissension, or knavish, or feeble, or foolish, or widely distrusted, cannot expect to win by merely hiding behind its candidates, however good they may be.

Neither of the two great parties in America has of itself the confidence of the country.

The Democratic Party has been weakened by an internecine factional strife. Since President Wilson's death it has been lacking in National leadership. It has been discredited by demagogues. And it has had to bear the odium of local misgovernment under bosses. In particular, it enters this campaign at a time when its most powerful local machine, Tammany Hall, is under fire because of graft—sewer graft, milk graft, street-cleaning graft.

The Republican Party has been discredited in public estimation by the revelations of dishonesty in the Harding Administration. The oil leases, the Veterans' Bureau, the Alien Property Custodian, and the furtive attempt to meet a party fund deficit have occasioned scandals which, though eight years old and though countered by prosecutions, still stain the party's name. And even yet powerful Republican organizations in Pennsylvania, Illinois, and Indiana make Republican protestations of reform sound somewhat hollow.

The process of revamping—un-Varing, so to speak—the Republican Party began at Kansas City; but it only began. Mr. Hoover has before him the more difficult task of completing the process. He has powerful political influences to overcome.

And what will come out of Houston, even as a beginning, remains to be seen. It is as unjust to saddle on Governor Smith the graft of Tammany as it is to saddle on Secretary Hoover the malfeasance that occurred during an Administration of which he was a member. But Tammany Hall cannot be expected to renounce its own power. Only the party as a party and, above all, Smith himself, can do what is necessary to allay the country's suspicion of a Tammanyized Democracy.

Will this campaign see the Republican Party letting out the influences variously symbolized by Fall, Sinclair, Daugherty, Hays, Thompson, Vare, and Watson? Will it see the Democratic Party refusing to let in the influences variously symbolized by Heflin and Tammany Hall?

These questions come ahead of any other issues, because they concern the foundations of self-government.

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The Party of Governor Smith

A Personal Letter from Houston

By DIXON MERRITT

THE prevalent feeling here is the same that I found on the trip out from New York by way of Buffalo and Cleveland and Indianapolis and St. Louis—that Smith has earned the nomination and is entitled to his chance to win in the election. But there has been during the eight months that have elapsed since I tried to measure it in the South and somewhat in the Middle West no diminution in the opposition to Smith. Among the delegates here it is apprehension rather than opposition. Those who will speak candidly, and they are many, admit alarm at what their people back home, voters who are not politicians, will do on election day and after. They say that only fifteen per cent of the party has made itself heard in any way, that eighty-five per cent has remained strangely inert and sullen.

The border is as doubtful today as it was last October. They talk of a candidate for Vice-President who can save Oklahoma and of one who can save Tennessee. No man can think of one who could save both.

Thus does Al Smith approach his nomination by a party that even now is not the party that we have known in other National Conventions. Bryan, who in one way or another dominated every Convention from 1896 to 1924, is dead. McAdoo chose to stay away. Murphy, the old chief of Tammany, is dead, and Taggart, of Indiana, is at French Lick, too old and ill to attend. Mack, of New York, is here, doddering and senile, making statements that his colleagues implore him not to make. In the National Committee other men long dominant are going, not because they are old, but because they are tired. Woodson, who has represented Kentucky on the Committee since 1892 and has frequently served as its secretary; Hull, who has represented Tennessee on the Committee for sixteen years and was its most successful Chairman—these men are laying down their burden in utter weariness, going out of the official party councils at the end of this Convention.

Smith's opportunity came to him from the country at large, not from the sidewalks of New York. His Tammany friends are here, outclassed and outplayed by the veriest rube delegation from the tall grass. The party waits on Alfred Smith.

THE task of rough-hewing the platform timbers was given to Senator Key Pittman, of Nevada, and Judge Joseph M. Proskauer, of New York. Three planks were expected to be knotty—prohibition, tariff, and farm relief. But the farm relief timber turned out to be as straight-grained and smooth as old cedar. The farm forces did not demand indorsement of the McNary-Haugen Bill, the equalization fee, or anything of the kind. The equalization fee, they said, is a special privilege and ought to go in the platform of a party like the Republican, which is committed to special privilege. But in the platform of a party like the Democratic, which is pledged to abolish all special privilege, there is no place for an equalization fee. The farm demand upon the Democratic platform-makers, compared with that upon the Republicans, was easy.

But the lightness of the demand as to a specific farm plank implied the faith of the farmer folk that the tariff plank would be of the old-fashioned Democratic kind. So the knot was simply transferred from one plank to the other. And the tariff timber was already knotty enough. The traditionists wanted, of course, the tradition inviolate, while those of a newer faith urged that a tariff plank for Smith to stand on should have a tilt toward protection, so that the industrialists of the East could stand with him.

The really gnarled and knotty timber was that out of which the prohibition plank had to be fashioned. Pestered by a multitude of antagonistic counsel, ranging all the way from repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment to outright indorsement of it, Pittman and Proskauer must have envied Senator Smoot, who, at Kansas City, was never in doubt as to what the Republican platform ought to say about prohibition. The worst of Pittman and Proskauer's troubles was that many of the people most insistent upon a wet candidate favored an evasive, two-faced, or even a dry plank.

FROM the outset, comparatively few persons gave much thought to the balloting for a nominee for President. Smith was the only candidate worth considering, and they gave their attention to platform, Vice-President, and party management.

Thought was confused and at odds as to what should be done with regard to the second place on the ticket. One school favored a Southern man to save the border States. Another favored a Lakes States man, in the hope of gaining Ohio or Indiana or Illinois. Still another favored a Western man as a bid for revolting Republicans in the corn and wheat belt. Always there was the question of the inconsistency of placing a dry on the ticket with Smith; and the search for a wet who would add materially to the strength of the ticket either in the South, the Lake States, or the West was the proverbial search for a needle in a haystack.

Delegates' minds bridged the Convention and grappled with the problem of conducting the campaign. Everybody seemed to be thinking of a big man for Chairman of the National Committee. The Chairman, it was agreed, should be the biggest man in the United States who could be induced to accept the job. It was argued that such a Chairman might be worth more to the party than any candidate for Vice-President or any platform. Into one conference room where this question was under discussion came a New York delegate with frankness in his face and cold water in his words. "The Governor," he announced, "says he wants a Chairman that he knows and who knows him. But the trouble is that the Governor does not know anybody who knows National politics."

And that is the man whose task and whose opportunity it is to remake the National Democracy in 1928 as Jackson remade it in 1828. He does not know National politics. Jackson did. None the less, Jackson did the work with Blair and Lewis of his own people as his chief lieutenants. Smith's Chairman, chosen from among the men he knows, may be none the less powerful because he is less widely acquainted with politics on the National scale.

Through all of the preliminaries the anti-Smith leaders, holding their daggers against one another's ribs, continued to train their guns on Smith.

Democratic harmony is precious but precarious.

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Heat at Houston

By HENRY F. PRINGLE

THE native of Houston, elbowing his way through the milling, perspiring crowds in the suffocatingly hot lobby of the Rice Hotel (1,000 rooms, 1,000 baths), gazes with awe and respect at a group of Washington correspondents who lean on their canes, interview one another, and wish devoutly that it were time to take the train for home.

"Imagine," the Houstonian assures himself; "this means that the name of Houston will go all over the world. For a week those fellers from Washington will send hundreds of thousands of words, and each time they write a despatch it will mention the town. Why, that publicity couldn't be bought for a million dollars!"

And he goes away marveling that the distinction of sheltering a National Convention should have come to the city built, amazingly and not without beauty, where the Texas plains slope eastward to the sea, where the wind carries either the torrid warmth of the prairies stretching endlessly to the west or the moist heat of the sea which beats against Galveston, fifty miles away. The view-point of the average resident of the city is summed up in that—in elation at the advertising to be received. He is interested, of course, in the probability that a wet, Tammany, Catholic New Yorker will be Democracy's standard-bearer. He has emphatic, frequently illogical, views on prohibition. He feels actively curious regarding the New York Tammany leaders, and is a little surprised when he sees that they appear to be law-abiding, ordinary men—just the type who are ward politicians in his own city. But chiefly he is fascinated by the presence of the newspaper correspondents, magazine writers, cowboy humorists, and lady literati who are present to the number of six or seven hundred and whose typewriters clatter throughout the night.

There are many contrasts between the Republican gathering at Kansas City, as dull and drab a convocation as any in the recollection of the oldest Convention habitué, and this Democratic circus beginning to assemble at Houston. The Democrats have in Governor Alfred E. Smith, of New York, for instance, a man around whom swirl pulsing enthusiasms and, to a lesser degree, as his nomination appears inevitable, hatreds and apprehensions. No one, except a few farmers and the disorganized professional politicians, bothered to dislike Herbert Hoover. Nor, except for one or two silly mass-meetings, was there very much beating of tom-toms in his favor. The Republicans at Kansas City were well-disciplined, orderly, subservient men who waited for the party bosses to speak, who were unencumbered by ideas, and who rarely offered to argue. The Democrats, although they will obey their leaders with virtually the same unanimity, reserve to themselves the right to utter uproars of protest. For days before the gavel fell on Tuesday the hotel lobbies resounded with men opposing one principle and praising another. Hordes of feminine prohibition workers descended upon the town a week in advance, and daily, at noon prayer-meetings, appealed to the Lord to save the party from Al Smith.

BUT the outstanding contrast between the two Conventions is the attitude of that nebulous personality, "the man in the street." The Kansas Cityan, unless he belonged to Rotary or sought some prominent visitor as a house guest, was but mildly interested in the G. O. P. show. At Houston, no one has been thinking about anything else for the past two months. This is due, primarily, to the fact that membership in some booster club is held by the most insignificant citizen. If he is not eligible for Rotary, Kiwanis, or the Lions, he can join "The Dirty Dozen Club," the "Optimist Club," or many others. There are thirty luncheon clubs alone, most of them meeting each week. There are innumerable associations, lodges, church clubs, and fraternal organizations. Each was squarely behind Jesse H. Jones, the miracle man of Houston, in bringing the Democratic National Convention of 1928 to a city which is as hot as any in America. Each donated something to the $350,000, raised within ten days, needed for the expenses of the Convention. Every Houstonian expects added prosperity to result from the gathering, and he feels that the newspaper men are the most important of all those present, since in their lands lies publicity. At Kansas City the politicians and their friends were the first persons taken care of. But at Houston the best rooms in the best hotels were reserved for the gentlemen of the press. The visiting correspondents are lavishly entertained and rarely meet a Houstonian without being invited to "drop over to my house for a drink, sir, any time at all."

"Of course," my host laughs, as he manipulates the corkscrew, "we're dry in this part of the country. *Yes, sir.* But we have a little left from before the drought. Have you ever tried a mint julep, sir?"

There is something appealing, even magnificent, about boosting thus raised to a fine art. Houston is a new city—new and white and shining beneath the sun that pours down in stifling rays. Drive toward the town, from whatever direction, and you are startled to see a sky-line rising like a mirage from the prairies. There stands Houston, which one hundred years ago did not exist, a city of 275,000 people.

THE history of Houston goes back to 1836, the year when General Sam Houston defeated Santa Anna at San Jacinto, sixteen miles from the present city, and liberated Texas from Mexican rule. In 1836 two brothers founded a settlement on an upper stretch of Buffalo Bayou, a fifty-mile length of stagnant, muddy water which is now a $20,000,000 ship canal. In 1838 it became, nominally, a city, and in 1840 it was a moderately important trading center. It was, however, oil which caused the buildings of Houston's sky-line to rise. Men had rushed there and found great wealth. They remained to deal in shipping, in cotton, in lumber. They built parks and public buildings and a residential section called "River Oaks," where Gothic, Norman, English cottage, Spanish, and American Colonial architecture mingle in happy, internaunion. The avenues are wide and are fragrant with the scent of crèpe myrtle, honeysuckle, and gardenias. There is an art museum awaiting priceless art treasures. Polo, the first sign of a definite social stratum, has been taken up at the country club.

And yet Houston was still, in the eyes of the outer world, a small city, a backwoods metropolis. It needed world fame.

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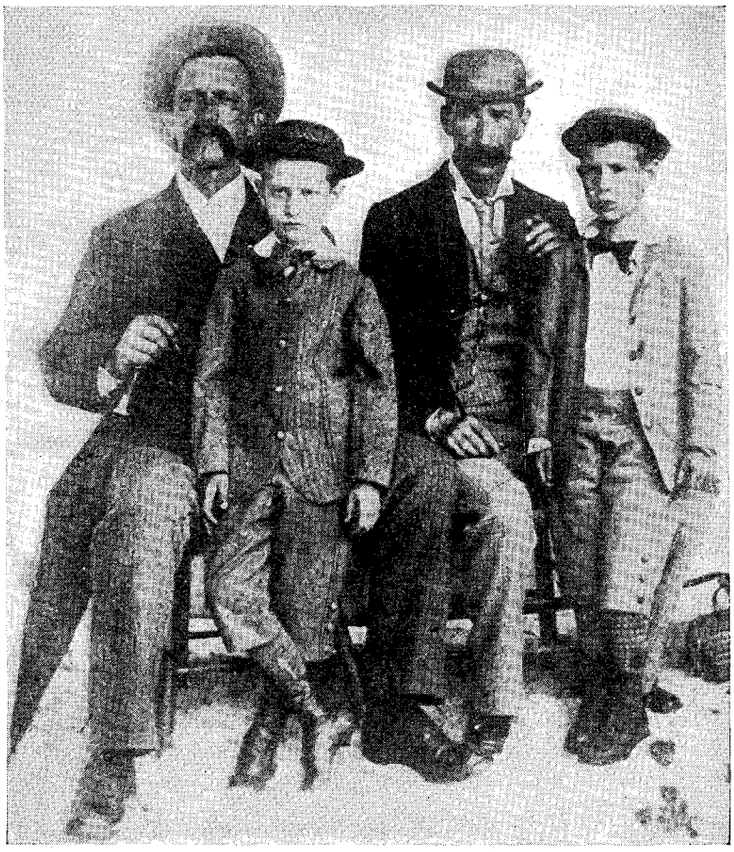

Acme

A TINTYPE FROM THE SMITH FAMILY ALBUM

Governor Smith's father, the Governor when about six, his Uncle Peter Mulvihill, and his cousin Tommie Mulvihill

Houstonians waited, hardly daring to hope, but filled with confidence, when Jesse Jones traveled to Washington last winter to enter the city's bid for the Democratic National Convention. Few, outside of the town itself, took Houston's offer seriously. In the end, however, a certified check for $200,000, signed by Mr. Jones, convinced the National Committee that it would be an excellent notion to hold the gathering in the South. Even then the nomination of Al Smith seemed likely, and it was considered well to conciliate the prohibition-loving South, which had not enjoyed a National Convention since the Civil War. His mission successful, Mr. Jones returned to Houston to an ovation such as few men have received.

Crowded weeks and months passed, during which men were appointed and funds raised. On the afternoon of Sunday, June 24, Houston officially declared itself ready for the hosts of Democracy. By then, of course, the city was already crowded to suffocation with Convention visitors and delegations were arriving on every train, to be met by bands and committees and motor-car parades. The event of the day was the dedication of Sam Houston Hall, a vast and unbelievable structure which will house the Convention sessions. Sam Houston Hall, built in sixty-four working days and costing $200,000, is an eloquent tribute to the genius of the American filled with civic pride. Of all the convention halls that I have seen it is best suited to its purpose, and this is so because it was built with this specific object in view. Seating 16,000 people and fashioned of yellow pine from the forests of East Texas and western Louisiana, the structure has six acres of floor space. More than 1,000,000 feet of lumber were used. The height of the roof at the center is 58 feet above the floor, and the building is 272 feet in width and 326 feet long.

Statistics, however, are of little value in attempting to give a picture of a building of this sort. From the outside Sam Houston Hall looks, with its gay flags and bunting, with its arched roof and its flagpoles, like some vast building constructed for a world's fair. Inside, it is unusual because it is so light and so pleasant. It will be hot, of course, during the sessions of the Convention. There will be many who will curse the decision of the National Committee which brought the gathering to so torrid a place. But, cool and quiet before the crowds have jammed their way in, the hall is a gratifying sight, even a beautiful one, from the inside. They have banked the walls with smilax and the aisles with pots of crèpe myrtle. Behind the great dais, where the notables will sit, is a huge seal of the United States, and around it are thirteen American flags, one for each of the original States. Hanging from the balconies are the official flags of today's forty-eight States, and these flutter, brilliant with their many colors, in a breeze which drifts in from the top of the building. Sam Houston Hall, however warm it may be during the Convention, could hardly be improved upon for the grace that utility affords. The Madison Square Garden of the ill-fated 1924 Democratic Convention was gloomy, close, depressing. So was the hall at Kansas City. This, however, is bright and airy, and if only the sun that pours down on Houston were less vigorous it would, no doubt, be cool.

THE tempo at Houston is definitely faster than that at Kansas City, and this despite the fact that there are no serious contests among the delegations. Nor are there, even including Jim Reed, of Missouri, any discernible dark horses who have a chance of snatching victory from Smith. But, where the G. O. P. Convention was dreary, there is an element of light-heartedness about this one. Perhaps this is born of a hope of victory in November. I would not say, of course, that a National Convention, to be exciting, needs a sharply drawn conflict. There must be rival candidates branding one another villains, rival managers manipulating and pulling wires, rival delegations looking at one another with contempt or suspicion. At Houston, as the delegates gather, there is a striking parallel to Kansas City. There Hoover was far in the lead, and the other candidates, without plan or direction, made futile efforts to stop him until William S. Vare, of Philadelphia, announced, to the chagrin of Andrew Mellon, that the Pennsylvania delegation would no longer seek "to draft Coolidge." At Houston, such favorite sons as Reed, George of Georgia, Hull of Tennessee, Pomerene of Ohio, and Woollen of Indiana are well aware, in their hearts, that only a political miracle can aid them. Each promises "to support the party," no matter how the balloting goes. Reed, the fighter, the orator, the man of vigor, seems tired, discouraged, willing to concede defeat, with the Convention still two days distant.

The Smith strategy is not, however, the Hoover strategy. There it was war. There the farmers—the handful which

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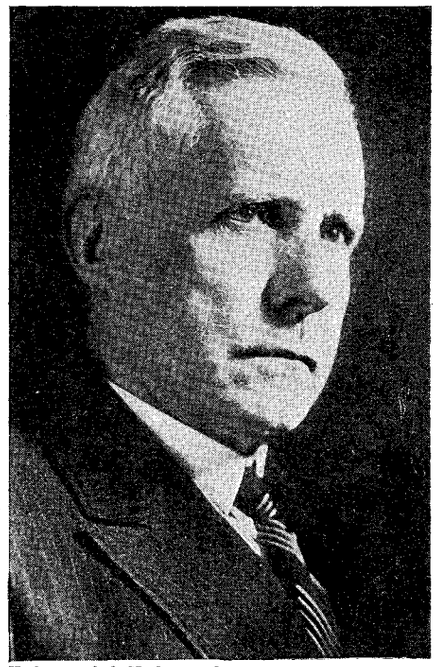
made the journey to Kansas City—paraded through the streets shouting, "We won't vote for Hoover." There the Hoover forces rolled on serenely, with as powerful a steam-roller as practical politicians could devise, over the flattened bodies of those who opposed them. Nothing like this is apparent at the Smith headquarters at the Hotel Rice. Every one is welcomed, threats are made—even in private—to none. If the party wants Al, his managers say, he will be happy to serve. He has not sought the nomination, they reiterate. If some one else is chosen, well and good. There will be no reprisals. This atmosphere of courtesy, good will, and suavity extends to the most rabid of the supporters. A band playing one night in the lobby of the Hotel Rice was called upon by some one in the crowd to start "The Sidewalks of New York."

"That," murmured a Tammany leader, standing near me, "is not such a good idea. It can be played once, maybe, but not more. We don't want to rush things."

THE mistake of 1924, when Tammany hoodlums staged a wearisome, synthetic demonstration for Al Smith at the Old Madison Square Garden, is not to be repeated at Houston, if the leaders can control Al's friends. This time refinement and gentility are to rule. The men from the pavements of New York are determined that their Southern hosts shall find them persons of breeding, even of culture.

The Convention began, despite the best efforts of the local committees and the Smith board of strategy, with a series of misfortunes. The first of these, the lynching of a wounded Negro by a mob which stormed the city hospital, was a tragic blow to those who were asking the entire world to gaze upon the greatness and beauty of their city. The Negro, suspected of having shot a policeman, was taken from his bed and hanged just as the first Convention visitors were beginning to arrive. No city, probably, has ever been shaken with such horror over a lynching. Part of it was normal indignation, for relations between whites and blacks are singularly harmonious in Houston, and never before in this generation has there been such a crime. But the outburst of editorial denunciation in the local newspapers was due, also, to mortification that this should have occurred at the time it did. Rewards for the members of the mob were offered, and within a few days four men, all of them totally insignificant, were arrested. These are now languishing in jail and will be tried after the Convention has adjourned. By then, no doubt, public indignation will have lapsed.

The other unfortunate incidents were semi-comic; I am not thus grouping them with any idea that they are comparable. On the Wednesday before the Convention opened Norman E. Mack, Democratic National Committeeman from New York, and for years among those fairly close to Al Smith, issued a statement in which he said that the leading candidate was "opposed to prohibition and in favor of temperance." He went on to say that the Governor of New York believed in personal liberty and in the application of the doctrine of State's



Underwood & Underwood

Senator Reed, of Missouri

rights to the prohibition question. In Texas, where men are often privately wet but always publicly dry, this was received with surprise and astonishment. Mr. Mack, who is now getting old, was roundly abused. The Smith managers insisted that he spoke for himself and not for the Governor, and the old gentleman quickly admitted that this was so. Yet, within a day or so, Miss Elizabeth Marbury, National Committeewoman from New York, arrived and announced that she had no use for the dry law.

"Who's going to jump on me for that statement?" she demanded, belligerently. No one did.

Meanwhile, in New York, the "World" asked Smith himself whether he had changed his mind regarding prohibition, and received a definite "I have not." This was duly telegraphed to the Houston papers, and the wet-dry battle raged once again. The fight is, in my opinion, more apparent than real. Every one knows that Smith is a wet. Every one knows, too, that the platform-makers are now engaged in drafting a liquor plank which will mean all things to all men—wet to the industrial cities of the East and dry to the dry—so called—communities of the South and West. As this is being written the Convention is thirty-six hours distant, and predictions are dangerous. I risk, however, the thought that the prohibition plank of 1928 will not differ greatly from that of 1924, which said:

"The Republican Administration has failed to enforce the Prohibition Law, is guilty of trafficking in liquor permits, and has become the protector of violators of the law. The Democratic Party pledges itself to respect and enforce the Constitution and all laws."

THIS is a feeble straddle. It seems to me political hedging of a dull brand. But any one who has been in Houston for the past week cannot fail to sympathize with the perplexities of platform building. The Kansas City Republican platform was a definite bid for the dry vote, although in itself it is not without evasions. It has been so successful that Anti-Saloon League leaders are already calling for support of Hoover, and the amusing possibility develops that the G. O. P. candidate will also be the candidate of the Prohibition Party. The G. O. P. did not promise that it would forever uphold the Eighteenth Amendment and it did not mention the Volstead Act at all. But Hoover has called prohibition a "noble experiment," and editors in all parts of the South are demanding a Democratic plank as emphatically for enforcement as was the Republican one. It will, of course, not be as strong. It will not be strong at all. The Democratic Party is preparing to run a wet candidate on a plank which means very little but which appears to be dry. It is not an elevating spectacle, but the blame must rest, partly at least, on the Southern leaders. It is easy to get a drink in Houston, for Galveston, just fifty miles away, has bars and speak-easies and beer-parlors that are as open as any in the pre-prohibition days.

Al Smith seems to be exerting no pressure regarding the prohibition or any other plank. To his credit, it can be said that he has resisted advice to consent to a dry plank.

"Smith," said George Brennan, of Illinois, upon arriving in Houston, "is his own platform on this subject."

In saying that the wet-dry fight was more apparent than real I meant, in the

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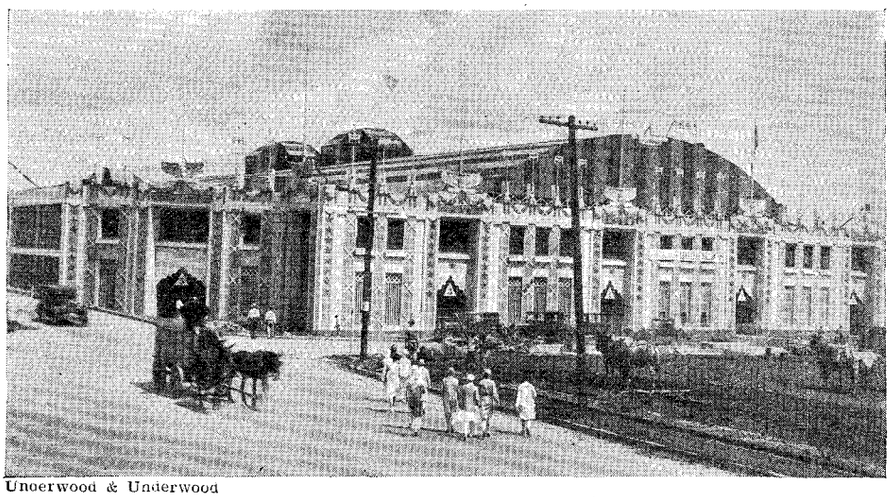

Underwood & Underwood

Sam Houston Hall, built in sixty-four working days

first place, that it was the chief subject regarding which the five hundred correspondents here could write. There was nothing else which even resembled a contest. In the second place, the actual leaders are very little interested. Most of the talking is being done by militant, but just a little pitiful, ladies of the Women's Democratic Dry Enforcement League and the Woman's Christian Temperance Union. They have gathered in Houston in large numbers and are ardently campaigning for a bone-dry plank. They have, however, slight desire to fight it out in the political arena, and some of them gather daily at their headquarters and offer up prayers in behalf of prohibition.

Probably the best laugh of the Convention is found in the third of the unfortunate incidents. Early during the week before the Convention a few of the merchants who had contributed to the $350,000 fund began to complain that they might not get their money back. A Public Service Commissioner named C. J. Kirk, who is manager of the Convention Hall, assured them that their apprehensions were ill founded. It was easily demonstrable, he said, that the 50,000 visitors would spend $2,500,000. He then made the mistake of offering to itemize the expenditures. He summoned a statistician, and, after an hour's work in tabulating hotel bills, taxicab fares, food and ice-cream bills, he was $180,000 short of the $2,500,000 total.

"That's easy," said Mr. Kirk, who is a local humorist. "Put down $180,000 for wine and women."

The unfortunate part of the affair was that one of the local papers printed Mr. Kirk's estimate, including the "wine and women" item. The next day the Woman's Christian Temperance Union met in excited conclave and adopted resolutions setting forth that the womanhood of the South had been insulted. Mr. Kirk has been busy ever since explaining that he did not mean a word of it. Every one else has been wondering whether, actually, the figure offered by Mr. Kirk was not very conservative.

On the eve of the Convention Houston is noisy, hot, and joyful. In the lobby of the Rice, the Convention Headquarters, men elbow their way through the crowds, perspire, argue, and shake hands. On upper floors, where electric fans stir the moist and heavy air, the Party leaders confer endlessly. A band parades through Main Street, leading the delegation from California to their hotel. Elaborate preparations are made for the Al Smith specials from Massachusetts and New York, due in a few hours. Then will "The Sidewalks of New York" blare out in unrestricted triumph and men who have heard the song only vaguely will stop to ponder the vote-getting power of its lilting melody. Superficially, the crowd at this gathering seems not greatly different from that of Kansas City. Really, though, the differences are marked. Here there are no half-subdued, half-defiant Negro delegations, for the Negro does not vote with the Democratic Party in the South and Democracy knows him not. Here there are scores of gentlemen addressed as "Colonel"—men with broad-brimmed hats from the mountains of Kentucky who have been on the staff of some now-forgotten Governor, who have been a district attorney or an attorney-general, and have thereby earned the right to a military title. Here are soft-voiced men and women from South Carolina, Mississippi, Louisiana; men who drawl with the soft cadence of Texas, men who talk with the nasal twang that is the East Side of New York, men who loved Al Smith when he was but a Tammany hack in the State Legislature and who are gathered now to witness his triumph.

Tammany Hall, as the Convention draws near, is very little in evidence. George Olvany is on hand, of course, large and seemingly wise and owl-like, but with very little to say regarding the outcome. He arrived on Friday, and remarked, obviously forgetting that he was in the South, that he had "come to nominate an Abraham Lincoln from the sidewalks of New York." The remark did not, however, arouse comment, although the older generation still remembers the war and a lady who drove me around the city told me, privately, that Mr. Henry Ford had "made a very great mistake when he called his automobile the Lincoln." Quiet and in the background, the Tammany leaders have made an excellent impression on the hosts of the Convention, on the natives of this charming and colorful city. They do not wear brown derbies. They do not say, at least audibly, "dese and dose" or "Where is de earl fields?" They do not publicly consume great quantities of beer and hard liquor. They are utterly without menace or distinction and the part they are playing is a minor one.

In a week it will be over. The delegates, the alternates, the newspaper correspondents, and the sightseers will be interested only in the trains that will bear them away. Houston will have had her Convention. Her name will have been carried to the four corners of the known world. Men and women, sipping drinks on ocean liners, will read despatches posted on saloon boards announcing the nominee. Newspapers published in every language spoken by man will carry stories beginning with "Houston, June 26th." Millions will have tuned in with their radio sets. No longer will Houston be known but to a few. Her fame will be universal.

Some day, no doubt, there will be another Convention within her boundaries. Then the city will be less new and less fascinating. The skyscrapers—one is now more than thirty stories—will be commonplace. Houston girls, today wearing skirts that are too short and rouge that is far too obvious, will be hard to tell from Park Avenue débutantes. There will never be, however, another Convention like this—new and immense and thrilling beyond anything since Sam Houston defeated Santa Anna.

The Democrats, preparing to swelter under a Texas sun, undoubtedly are praying that never again will there be one so warm. It will, at least, be brief and harmonious. Fighting is impossible in Houston in the summer.

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Ben Eielson—Arctic Explorer

By
VILHJALMUR STEFANSSON

CAPTAIN SIR HUBERT WILKINS, who is so famous now, was not famous at all twelve years ago, when he returned from three years as my chief assistant on an Arctic expedition. The press and public gave him little heed. This continued to be his situation after I published the narrative of that expedition, recounting his courage, loyalty, and worthy achievements.

There was romance in what Wilkins had done on our expedition, and the glamour of strange lands. But newspaper readers are supposed to be mentally lazy, and the average journalist writes with artificial simplicity so as not to weary or confuse them. He makes out that the commander does whatever is done on the expedition, and lets him have all the credit. There is, of course, a balancing element in that he gets the blame for anything that goes wrong.

I found it difficult, therefore, when I returned from my third Arctic expedition to induce the press to pay attention to Wilkins, or to any of the many men who had brought us success under difficulties. They had gone hungry in my place frequently, and they, instead of I, had risked their lives on forlorn hopes. But the press would have it that I had done it all.

Now it is Wilkins's turn to receive all the credit of an expedition and to be powerless to get the public to realize that he does not deserve it all. He has been knighted by the British King and he staggers under the gold medals of the scientific societies of the whole world. He has done much and he deserves much. But Wilkins is now, too, in my former embarrassing position, and Lieutenant Ben Eielson is now where Wilkins was then.

Some of the things for which Wilkins is now reluctantly but inevitably getting the whole credit were done by him alone, some were done by him and Eielson in such intimate team-work that you cannot say if one was more important in the event than the other, and some were done by Eielson alone.

I know Wilkins and how these things must worry him. True enough, Ben Eielson will have his turn. That young man is only at the threshold of a brilliant career. Some day his will be the spotlight and his the turn to worry because deserving comrades are being overlooked by the single-track-minded crowd.

Ben did not have to learn the Far North as a post-graduate course. He was schooled in it from childhood. Some think the Arctic can be in one's blood. But I have found South Sea natives, Samoans, and Hawaiians who were suited by nature for the coldest and roughest work of my expeditions. They were as good as Norwegians, but not better. Peary had found it so. He said frequently that his best Arctic traveling companion was the American Negro Matt Henson. Most explorers and most Arctic whalers and traders have agreed on that.

Captain Wilkins

It was not, therefore, the mere Norwegian blood that constituted Eielson the born explorer that he is. You are a born explorer if your health is good and your temperament optimistic. What qualified Eielson beyond this were his native prairies of North Dakota, where the blizzards are as thick and the weather as cold as they average in the Arctic. So that, when he came to the Far North, he was a qualified and naturalized citizen there as soon as he realized that most of the supposed special terrors of the Arctic are mythical. To a North Dakotan, an Arctic blizzard is merely something to remind him of home.

BORN in 1898, Ben Eielson was just the right age to join up when the Americans entered the war in 1917. His qualifications put him into the air force. He was well trained and a lieutenant when the Armistice came, but had not yet reached the front.

Ben's heroic service to aviation has therefore been wholly in the days of peace. It was at first all sorts of commercial work, and later mail flying for the Government. In 1923 he bought a second-hand and dilapidated plane and took it to Fairbanks, Alaska. That is about one hundred miles south of the Arctic Circle, but he occasionally crossed the circle on his flights from there. Anyway, it is colder around Fairbanks than in most parts of the Arctic proper. From that angle he was doing good and monotonously successful Arctic flying long before Amundsen and Ellsworth, who are usually credited with the first flight, carried out theirs in 1925. Eielson was really I think, the first man to fly in the Arctic; there were several in between him and Amundsen.

His second year in Alaska (1924) Eielson received the first Alaskan air-mail contract for winter flying, and made his trips regularly two hundred miles every two weeks forward and back between Fairbanks and McGrath all winter, on time and without a hitch. But that was a small part of his flying. He carried sick people to hospitals, medicines to remote camps, miners to their work. He flew over Arctic mountains, usually in daylight, but sometimes in darkness. He had several forced landings, but the natural landing-fields were

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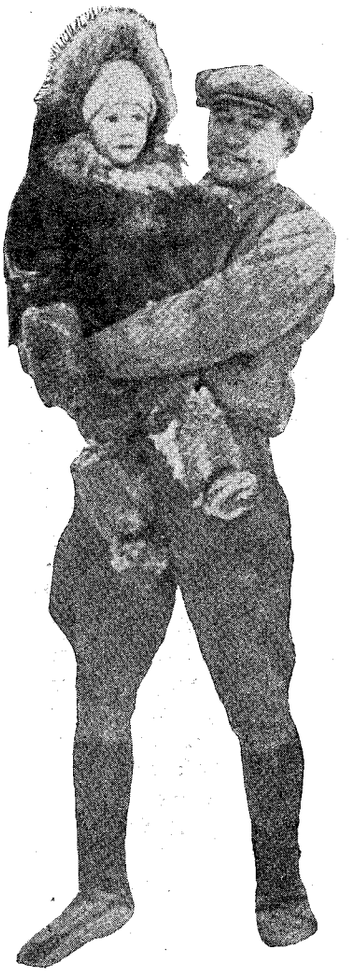
so numerous that he always came down safely and took off safely again after repairs. He was learning that, however bad the Arctic may be for raising pineapples, it is about the safest and easiest place there is for flying, especially in winter, when every river and every little lake is a safe and smooth landing-field, or at least safer and smoother than natural landing-places that you can find almost anywhere else.

It was marvelous luck for the thrill-loving public that Eielson had come down to Washington to lobby for Congressional support of Alaskan flying when the diphtheria epidemic broke out in Nome. Had he been at Fairbanks, the authorities would simply have paid him so much per pound per mile to carry the antitoxin through to Nome, and you might have seen a three-inch notice of it on the inside page of some city newspaper. But he was in Washington, and so the dogs got their chance to race against death (in the newspapers) across the treeless and pathless, uninhabited, frozen wilderness, seven hundred miles from Nenana to Nome. Of course, there were in reality roads or trails, most of the route was through a forest, and there were road-houses on the average one every eleven miles. But the public did not know these things, and so they had their thrilling "Race with Death," which, as we said, they could not have had if Eielson's air taxi had been there to carry in the serum at the regular mileage tariff.

Eielson had small luck with his lobbying, and was soon in Government harness, flying mail. It was he who brought the first air mail into Jacksonville, Florida, from the south. That winter he flew a lot over the Everglades, and thinks it the most dangerous terrain he has ever seen. You cannot make a landing without striking a tree; the water is not clear enough to swim in, the morass is not firm enough to walk on; there are alligators lurking and mosquitoes swarming everywhere. A forced landing there would be hopeless and the death horrible.

Some types of commercial flying are more dangerous than the stunts that bring fame. Like Lindbergh and many another, Eielson got no great credit for his daring or competence as long as he was merely flying the mails.

NORTH DAKOTANS do not know that their children go to school in winter under typical Arctic conditions, and most of them would resent the suggestion if you made it. Such talk might bring down the price of farming land. Eielson grew up to absorb the typical folk-lore teaching about the Far North, and evidently had much of it still in his system when he went to Alaska. He soon came to love the Fairbanks country, but he continued to dread the lands and seas farther north. When he first flew with Wilkins out over the Arctic pack ice, 150 miles from land, in 1926, he says of it himself: "It was interesting, but a bit repulsive to me then, inexperienced as I was in the ways of Arctic living. It looked like certain death [by smash-up] or starvation in case we were forced down."



Ben Eielson

But in 1927 he piloted Wilkins 550 miles from land, made two safe forced landings on the pack, took off twice safely after making repairs, made a third safe landing in pitch darkness when their fuel gave out one hundred miles from land, and walked ashore in eighteen days, camping at night in snow-houses. "Captain Wilkins' experience of Arctic living enabled us to return [to land]. Each night we built a snow-house to sleep in. By day we hurried across leads of water and huge ice ridges. It was my first real taste of Arctic living. I was surprised to find it was not so bad as I had imagined."

On their hundred-mile walk ashore Eielson not only lost his fear of the Arctic weather. He gained confidence in the Arctic sea. He had always associated a forced ocean landing with nothing but S. O. S. calls and rescue or drowning. But here was an ocean you could walk on even where it was 18,000 feet deep. You could walk on it without getting your feet wet and camp on it in a house that could be built wherever you wanted to stop. All this thanks to the cold, and a cold no greater than he was used to in North Dakota. Eielson grew to feel almost as much at home on the sea north of Alaska as he does in that Territory itself, where he plans to make his home.

This walk ashore gave Eielson, too, the confidence he needed in Wilkins and his theories. They were no mere theories now. The snow-houses were by actual trial more comfortable at night than tents, and so you were relieved of the burden and bother of carrying tents. They could be built in an hour, and by a white man no less than by an Eskimo. There was animal life on the ocean far from land—not lifelessness, as the Eskimos and most explorers had believed. If the accidents of a flight should compel you to a forced landing even at or near the center of the Arctic sea, you could walk out and live the while by hunting even if, as Wilkins said, it might take two years.

It had been loyalty, courage, and the spirit of adventure that kept Eielson willing from the first to fly his plane steadily in any direction that Wilkins planned. And it was confidence that the engine would not stop, or at least willingness to take that chance. But now there was added a trust in the polar ocean that it would feed and house and carry you safe to land if the plane failed you.

To Wilkins the credit of the leader and teacher, but to Eielson the credit that he learned quickly and became in two years the ideal junior partner in one of the greatest pioneer adventures of our time. In the 2,200-mile flight to Spitsbergen from Alaska his skill as pilot was equal to that of Wilkins as navigator—equal even in importance towards either safety or success. And no longer was there any mere unquestioning courage of a soldier or the blinded loyalty of a disciple. Wilkins and Eielson were now in fact if not in form equal partners in a splendid achievement. No one has said this more decisively or can say it more emphatically than Wilkins. And that is no mere politeness with him. He really wants you to believe it.

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California and Yale Triumph

By HERBERT REED
(Right Wing)

THERE was a little river man who believed in California probably to a greater extent than even Ky Ebright, the coach. There was another little river man who believed in Columbia. Along with the other real experts they managed one of the greatest races that ever was rowed over the Poughkeepsie-Highland course. There were, of course, many other happenings that day, if rain could be called a happening, many other affairs that lent themselves to what might be called a drab day. But drab days are not made out of conditions and crews such as appeared at Poughkeepsie at this time. Here was a smashing rain, a great ebb tide, and probably the best coaching that has been in action in the history of the regatta. The important races, of which the Navy took two and California the big one, were never in my experience better rowed. Columbia crossed the finish line in the Varsity three-quarters of a boat-length behind California; next in order came Washington, Cornell, Navy, Syracuse, with Pennsylvania last.

There has been for many more years than one cares to remember a railroad bridge at Poughkeepsie. It has become during the years since the late Francis S. Bangs, and the first of the great four-mile crews, stroked by Pierrepont and backed by such men as Hamilton Fish, discovered the course, one of the great tests of the oarsman. Crews are "made and killed" at that bridge. In the old days of Courtney it was understood that the "creep of the shell" at that point was the decisive factor. Since that time it has come to be understood that it may not be the "creep" of the shell, but the ability to "lift it out of the water."

So, whether the shell is lifted or allowed to "creep" between strokes, the tradition of the third mile at the Bridge remains. That tradition stood again this year, when, in the big race, California and Columbia fought each other out at almost that exact point. I use the word "almost" simply because the men from Morningside Heights took their big chance a little ahead of the big bridge.

It had to be left to two of the best stroke oars in the country—Peter Donlan, of California, and Eric Lambert, of Columbia. Each one was responsible for the answer that came up forward, and, as it turned out, Donlan got just a shade of a better "feeling" out of his boat. As both men were working it out they had not the usual worry of the river, for there was nothing in any of the inside courses to give trouble. Battling with each other, away out where the tide was running sweetly for both, they had only the problem of making a two-crew event out of what started out as a seven-crew affair. It is true that a rearranged Cornell eight, one of the fine products of Jim Wray, went out to make pace, the pace that has not been made by Cornell eights for years, but it is equally true that there was no fundamental reason for worry by the two leaders. They had on their hands the battle of the bridge, without the slightest menace anywhere else.

Two races had gone into boating history by eights that had been built on the racing power of big men equipped with what is known technically as great speed, which means, of course, for common ordinary observers like myself, a greater reach, and perhaps sometimes a longer oar and a wider blade. Two races gone that way, granting that the men were big and strong, would have been more than enough to convince a great many people that perhaps that was not merely the *best* way to row, but the *only* way to row. But in the face of those two races —finely rowed and beautifully won— the two exponents of a perhaps shorter stroke never lost heart. And it is a real question, to my mind, whether Columbia was shorter on the rig than a year ago. Anyway, the two, with "slapped water" and a driving rain, which, with the wind, "coasted" on the surface of the course, went at it with the feeling that the decision would be at the bridge. They were right—everlastingly and for four miles right. It is not to be supposed that there was any quitting in either boat —very far from that. The coxswain's watch, to be sure, showed that they were under the record, but it was known that other crews would be under the record if they did not get away from them. So they just went after each other, feeling that the outcome of this two-crew race would be the outcome of one of the greatest of regattas.

While there were no others who had much of a chance for a forward place at what seemed to be something in the nature of a "private race," Ulbrickson's Washington eight hung right to the two leaders practically from the start. It was then not merely a private race; there were times when it became a private river. Fortunately for the controversy over the course, the victor in the short events was always inside, and the big Varsity race was over the two outside courses from start to finish.

One found here and there some old-timers who were given whole-heartedly to the belief that the late Charles E. Courtney or Ellis Ward could have put on a crew or crews that would have swept the river. That is a matter of locale and tradition, both of which have a habit of fading, a bad habit perhaps, but persistent. Cornell's eights rowed handsomely. There is fine material up there. One feels that Jim Wray's men are a little short in the water. Perhaps that will work out in due time. Certain it is, at all events, that Carnelian and White came through quite a little better than anybody who was a non-partisan had expected.

As a picture, the Poughkeepsie regatta seems not to have fallen off to an appreciable extent. The general "get-together" of the night before and the night after finds about the same men in attendance. It has taken perhaps a bit of time to convince men familiar with other courses that there is always a great chance to have conditions for rowing just about right. Sometimes it takes fast, racing crews, well coached and well handled, to be the convincing factor. One of the best-informed men I know, who, incidentally, has rowed the course in a winning shell, told me not so long ago that he would rather go over it for the sheer sport of rowing than any other stretch of water he knew or could discover. The Poughkeepsie-Highland course has its faults, to be sure, but over it one can put on, not merely record-breaking—which is not an essential—but crashing crew racing for as many as can make the trip.

There was an aftermath, of course, the usual get-together of the higher-ups, but perhaps the most interesting of them all was the get-together of the two river men. One, of course, was sore. Any time you get these two good old-timers together, one is a loser.

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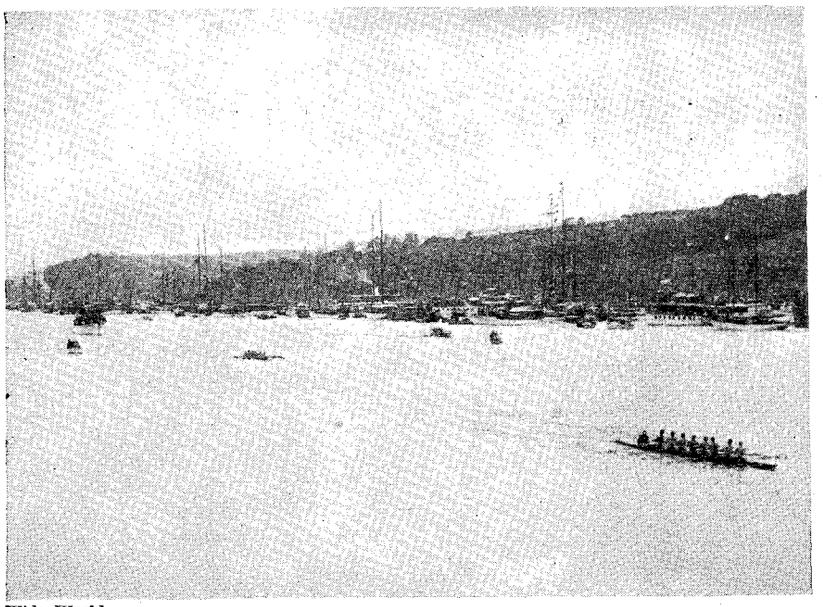

Wide World

The Yale Varsity crew sweeps over the finish line nine boat lengths ahead of Harvard

JUST as it is the bridge at Poughkeepsie, in this writer's experience watching boat races, at New London the effort made in the third mile is the determining factor (that is, since Ed Leader took hold of the coaching at Yale). This time it was a wasted effort to plant one's self at the three-mile mark rather than board the train, for the winning crew in the big race, sliding along through the mist, was at that moment so far ahead that there was no chance to attempt to dramatize the event. The story right at that moment belonged, not to a sports writer, but to a music critic. However, there was the sports writer, somewhat under the spell of rain and mist, with all his plans for a Yale victory gone agley so far as schedule was concerned, and nothing left but despair over the little he could do to adequately describe the wonder of this Yale eight. He had suspected that Leader, the great young rowing coach, would accomplish the defeat of the Crimson, he had suspected that the earlier races would also go against Harvard, but his forecast of the margin was not so great as the actual dividing line on the water.

Nor had he suspected that the Harvard Varsity would show less finesse than it had done in the early races. That there was a let-down in the Harvard racing power cannot be disputed, I think. The source of it was not possible to discover. There were rumors abroad that the shell had been badly rearranged, that there had been reorganization of rigging fatal to the chances of the crew. Such matters, however, are always in the hands of the coach, and from a critical view-point need not be bothered with. Whatever changes may have been made could not have affected the result, even though the statement that they *were* made emanated from quarters close to the victors. The victors were in command of the river both morning and afternoon. They took the first-year and the "jayvee" races handsomely, and they took the Varsity event even more handsomely. It was simply a case of Leader and Murphy at their best, plus a set of crews built up against a rowing background, and flashing against still another background.

In the case of the Yale Varsity there was the background of a young man who had stroked a splendid school crew, Woodie Patten; of another whose father had led a remarkable Yale football team to unexpected victory (I refer to James O. Rodgers, Jr.); and in so many cases that belief that the making of unexpected victory lies in the slashing, conscienceless, and unconscionable sophomore. Sophomores have done many things for Yale in athletics. Parenthetically, let it be mentioned that there was a red-headed chap in the boat. There is little left to the imagination.

Just the same, while the men themselves "took the jump" from Harvard, picked it up, and then, disregarding the old demand at the third mile, simply went away and kept going away, there is something to be said of the men who spoiled a brass-band affair by substituting a floating orchestra. Leader and Murphy and Don Grant, and every one else who had anything to do with the Eli crews, had their shells crowding, creeping, and leaping; but the outboard work was so pretty that it ought to have been set to music. Of course, that same outboard work sent the shells to victory.

Let us see if I can get some of this outboard work into language that is simpler than the rowing jargon that those of us who are hopeless addicts of the rowing game love, to the boredom of other people. Very well, turn over your right hand, palm upward, and get three other men to turn over their own palms at exactly the same angle and in unison. If you can do that, you have an idea of the position of the blades of the Yale eights as those blades came out of the water. Then keep your wrists straight on a direct pull through as though the object of which you had laid hold had to be snuggled under the ribs. Once there, get it "unsnuggled" as quickly as possible, and those workmanlike hands again on the job, away out in front of you. And after you do it yourself, get three other men to do it. That's just one side of the boat at that. Then get one of the greatest little coxswains who ever sat in a boat, Pete Stewart, of Yale, to *make* you and your companions do it, and you have at your command just a small part of the power, rhythm, and watermanship that goes into the sort of thing that Ed Leader gives you for the purpose of propelling a 60-foot shell over four miles, or at times shorter distances, faster than the other fellows. Get that, and there is not a great deal to fear, not even well-boated, well-rigged, and well-taught Harvard eights.

It was said in these columns some time ago that Ed Leader, when he began "fussing" with the order of his boating—when he stood up out of the well on the bow of his launch—was at his dangerous best. A year ago he was beaten by a splendid Harvard crew, and at that time he had a theory that his oarsmen were a little bored with his coaching. For Leader talks and talks and talks, and thinks and thinks and thinks, when he is working with his crews. The man gives so much of himself that one has to take it or leave it. And when it is taken it is just a bit merciless—to the other fellow. His assistants work it just about the same way. And so there you have the man and his men—and they are very much his men—with quite a reasonable belief in victory.

While there were no records in the discard at New London, there was a continuation of weather conditions that have made for good boat racing and not much else. Which is one reason why comment on an intercollegiate polo season that did not commend itself either to players or mounts is reserved for another issue.

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A Strauss Première

By EUGENE BONNER

Dresden,
June 7, 1928.

A new opera by a great composer and a dramatist of the very first rank, already famous for many superb collaborations, is an event of major importance in the musical world. In the case of "The Egyptian Helen," the discussion regarding the place of the première and the singer of the title rôle gave an added interest to the occasion. Mr. Bonner's story of the initial performance of the new opera is the first of the articles he is sending from Europe on the various music festivals there this summer.

THE "Festspiele der Staatsoper Dresden," or the Dresden Operatic Festival, opened last night, the initial offering being the first performance on any stage of the new opera by Richard Strauss and Hugo von Hofmannsthal, "Die ägyptische Helena," in the presence of the composer, the librettist, and a most distinguished assemblage.

For weeks, even months, the papers have been full of particulars in regard to the work, speculations as to where it would be first done and—most burning question of all—who would be the fortunate singer to create the eagerly sought-after rôle of Helen of Troy in this new and somewhat exotic version of one of the oldest legends in the world, dealing with, as Aithra, the sorceress in the opera, styles her, "the most beautiful, the most famous, the most dangerous, and the most royal woman in the world."

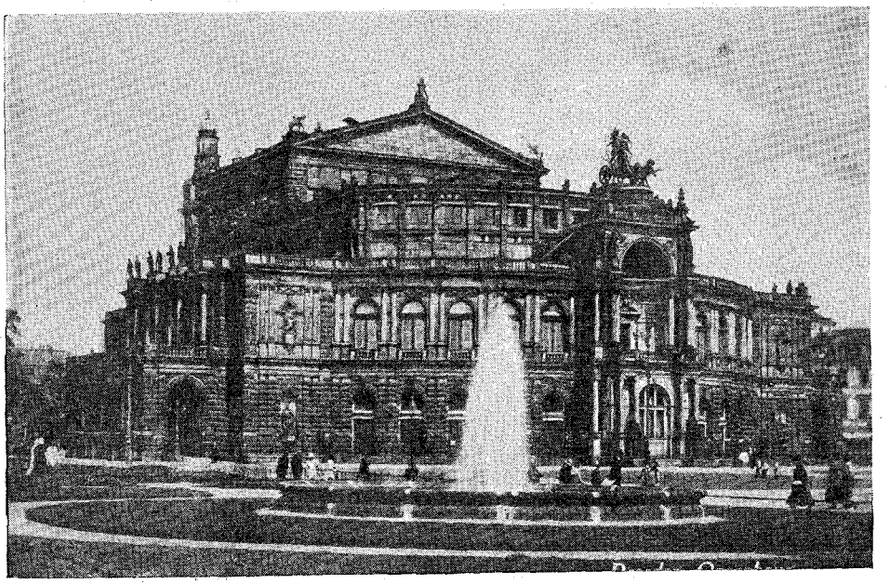
As a matter of fact, it had long been settled that the première of "The Egyptian Helen" should take place here in Dresden and that the rôle of that glamourous creature whose face launched a thousand ships would be created by Elisabeth Rethberg, of the Metropolitan Opera Company. Owing, however, to intrigues both political and artistic, efforts were made by certain powerful factions in Vienna to have the first performance take place there, and a certain well-known singer was unceasing in her efforts to procure for herself the creation of the rôle—a rôle which after the splendid performance of last night will from now on be irrevocably associated with Elisabeth Rethberg.

It was quite to be expected that Strauss, most of whose operas have had their first performances at the Dresden Opera—which in fact has developed a Strauss tradition owing to the superb performances of his works that have been given here since many years—should wish to have his latest opera brought out at this house. That memorable première of "Elektra," with our own Schumann-Heink as Klytämnestra and von Schuch at the conductor's desk, took place in this very theatre, while the productions here of "Salome," "Rosenkavalier," and "Ariadne auf Naxos" have long been held to be the standard for this composer's dramatic works.

The operatic works of Strauss, in spite of their demanding greatly augmented orchestras, are not really suited to the huge auditoriums characteristic of so many of the great opera houses, and here again Dresden is more fortunate than most cities. The Staatsoper, as it is now called (it was formerly the Royal Opera), while covering a large area as a building, has an auditorium not very much larger than that of the Opéra-Comique in Paris. Thus while the house in itself is handsome, commodious to a degree, and has an orchestra pit capable of accommodating the largest orchestras, the comparatively small stage and auditorium combine to place the audience and singers *en rapport* in a way impossible of attainment in our own gilded barn at the Broadway and Thirty-ninth Street crossroads.

IN "Die ägyptische Helena" von Hofmannsthal has given us another one of his fantastic dramas. Many there be who find this dramatist tiresome, incomprehensible, prolix, or what you will. Perhaps he is all of these at times. But he also has a soaring imagination, a gift of poetic fantasy, and a beauty of expression that lift him head and shoulders above any other librettist of the present day. The strength of his "Elektra," the tenderness of his "Rosenkavalier," the delightful impishness as well as poetry of "Ariadne auf Naxos," make him peculiarly fitted to collaborate with a composer of the philosophic and poetic trend of mind that distinguishes Richard Strauss.

As in "Elektra," where he went back to the great period of Greek drama for his inspiration (that drama of his being practically an arrangement of the Sophoclean tragedy of the same name), von Hofmannsthal has again drunk deeply at the fountain of the ancients. This time, however, it is from Euripides that the germinal idea forming the basis of this new piece is drawn. It deals with the legend of the two Helens—one who eloped with Paris, Prince of Troy, and



The Dresden Staatsoper

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that other, the true Helen, who was spirited away to Egypt, where she remained during the period of the Trojan War.

The same idea has been used very amusingly by Paul Claudel, the French writer and present Ambassador from France to the United States, in his witty and malicious little play "Protée." Von Hofmannsthal, however, uses the legend as a means to an end employed by Aithra, the sorceress, to prevent Menelaus from killing Helen.

The story of the opera in outline is pretty much as follows: Aithra, daughter of an Egyptian king, a sorceress in her island palace off the coast of Egypt, is bewailing the fickleness of her lover, the great god Poseidon, and refusing to be comforted, when through the agency of the All-knowing Muschel (a magic conch-shell which rests on a tripod in the palace) she learns that the ship bearing Helen of Troy and Menelaus is approaching and that the long-suffering King of Sparta is about to kill his errant consort while she sleeps, taking care to cover her face in the meantime so as not to be distracted from the business in hand.

Summoning the elements to her aid, she causes the ship to be wrecked on the island. In a few moments Menelaus enters the palace supporting Helen, whom contradictorily enough he has just saved from drowning, and again is about to kill her, when Aithra by her magic arts makes him imagine he hears the voice of the dead Paris outside. He rushes out, and Aithra, left alone with Helen, gives her a magic drink which brings a half-forgetfulness and with it renewed beauty. As soon as she has been led away by the attendants, Menelaus re-enters and is also given a potion by Aithra, which brings forgetfulness. Thereupon she tells him that the real Helen never eloped with the Prince of Troy at all, but has been all these years hidden in Egypt with her father. A curtain is then withdrawn revealing the rejuvenated Helen asleep. She wakes, sees Menelaus, rises from the couch and comes to him. The latter, under the influence of Aithra's drink, takes his wife in his arms and the two retire to the marital couch, while Aithra, summoning her attendants, packs her red lacquer trunk (mostly with drinks) and prepares to waft everybody, herself included, through the air to the continent of Africa.

IN the second act we see them in a pavilion at the foot of the Atlas Mountains. Menelaus is troubled, as the

RICHARD STRAUSS
Composer of "The Egyptian Helen"

magic drink has brought only half-forgetfulness, and the sight of his sword brings back a confused recollection of the slaying of Paris. Enters a desert chieftain, Altair, with his son Da-ud, who welcomes them to Africa. Both father and son fall victims to the lovely Queen of Sparta. A hunt is arranged, during the course of which Menelaus confuses Da-ud with the dead Paris by reason of Aithra's potion, and kills him.

Returning to the pavilion, Menelaus finds Helen, who has now been joined by Aithra. The former, in spite of Aithra's fears, offers her husband another potion,

FRITZ BUSCH
Conductor at the Dresden première

this time one that restores memory. She is quite prepared to have him kill her, but the reverse happens, as Menelaus, his memory returning, realizes that he still loves her and is willing to forgive her all that has happened. Altair now arrives with his attendants, vowing vengeance for the death of his son, but Aithra summons a magic army to protect and escort them back home. Hermione, their daughter, now appears, is embraced by her parents, and all ends happily, the reunited trio sailing off on three splendid white horses who, if the truth be known, had probably been primed with magic potions along with their hay and oats.

The above-mentioned proceedings probably sound quite idiotic, but when seen, and above all heard in conjunction with the Strauss music, seem only delightfully fantastic. The effects of lighting and scenery were marvels of beauty and made the goings-on seem credible enough, albeit just a little confusing at times even on a second hearing of the work, our first being on the occasion of the dress rehearsal.

For sheer lyric beauty it is to be doubted whether Strauss has ever written anything lovelier than some of the passages of this new work. Without striking out into any new paths he has managed to give a distinctly individual character to the music of this opera as compared with his others. Naturally, one hears reminiscences of "Elektra," "Rosenkavalier," and "Ariadne" in this music, and why not? No one complains because Bach is always Bach, or Wagner always Wagner.

WHAT Strauss has done, for which the musical world owes him a large debt of gratitude, is to show that one can use the modern idiom and yet retain the lyric beauty that so many modern composers seem to think beneath them. The opening passage, where Aithra's serving-maid is trying to divert her by playing the harp and singing, has charm and beauty, while an eerie atmosphere is immediately established by the voice, seemingly coming from nowhere, of the All-knowing Muschel. The superb tumult of the orchestra during the shipwreck gives the composer a chance to display his unparalleled ability for brilliant instrumentation, leading up as it does to a very unusual effect for the entrance of Helen and Menelaus.

This effect is achieved by the simple expedient of bringing the orchestra to a stop and having Helen and Menelaus

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make their entrance in a dead silence which lasts for the period of their entrance business, the orchestra resuming only on a signal from Helen to the conductor. Strauss having tried well-nigh every complicated effect possible in music, resorts here, with his usual genius in such matters, to a device of the utmost simplicity—silence.

The ensuing scene between the two is of rare beauty although not of startling originality as to thematic material or treatment. The air of Aithra, "Ihr grünen Augen," an unusual, gossamer thing, charms by its somewhat intricate delicacy, but the climax of the act, and, in our opinion, of the entire opera, is "Helena's Erwachen," where the fair Tyndarite awakens from her sleep following the magic draught. This exquisite orchestral interlude with its haunting chromatic progressions and the unexpected tone-color of the organ accompaniment, followed by the ravishingly beautiful trio between Helen, Menelaus, and Aithra which brings the act to a close, is Strauss at his very best, the Strauss of "Tod und Verklärung," "Rosenkavalier," and "Elektra," and it is safe to say that never before has this composer written vocal parts of such sheer lyric beauty.

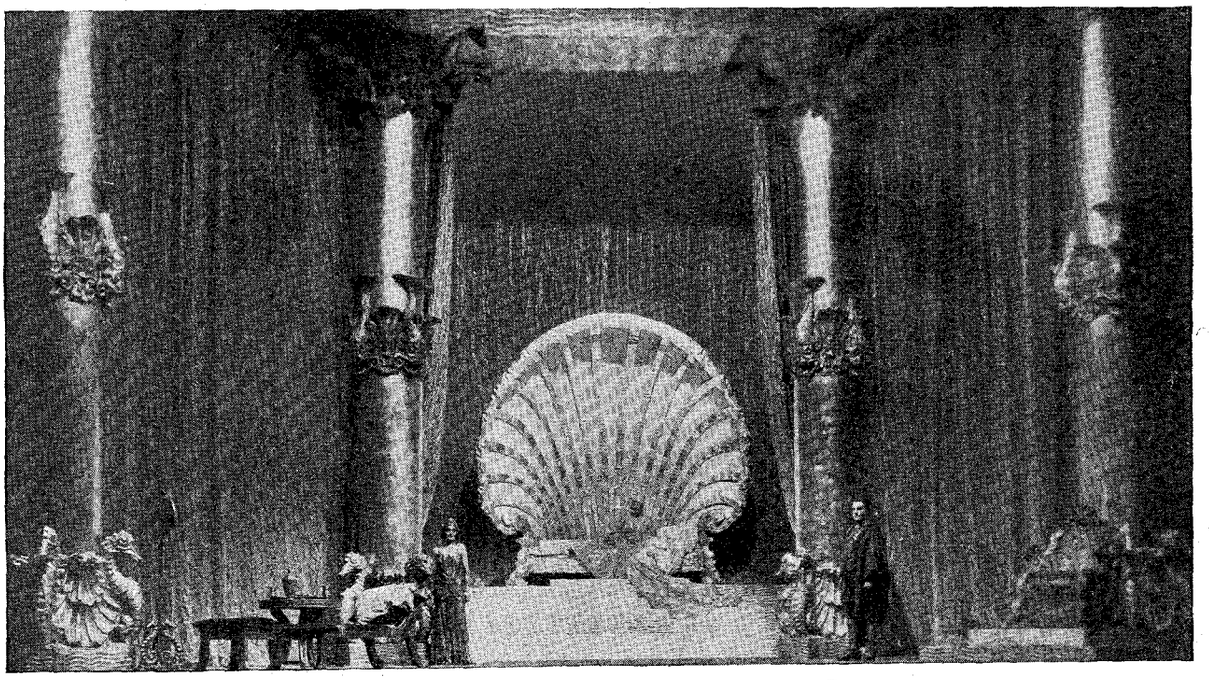
The same can be said of the opening of the second act and Helena's air beginning "Zweiter Brautnacht!"—built up on the chromatic progressions of the awakening scene, an air that makes one shudder to think what may happen to it if less perfectly sung than it was last night. A passage sung by Da-ud recalls the song of the "Sänger" in the levee scene of "Rosenkavalier," while fragments of "Ariadne" and "Heldenleben" hurtle through the air, but if a man can't quote himself occasionally, what becomes of that much-desired quality—individual style?

Following the last potion scene, the air of Menelaus, "Ewig erwählt von diesem Blick!"—a simple diatonic theme in four-four time, first given out in the serene key of D flat, sweeps on into the reconciliation scene between the royal pair, with another trio bringing this latest opera of Strauss's to a triumphant conclusion.

THE honors of the evening, after Strauss himself, went overwhelmingly to Elisabeth Rethberg for her singing and acting of the immensely difficult rôle of Helena. Never before has this fine artist reached the vocal and dramatic heights she attained to in her performance of this, her greatest rôle. A vision to look at, appearing by some miracle of carriage much taller than she really is, she surprised even her greatest admirers by the brilliance and authority of her acting, dominating the performance from start to finish, while her singing of this extremely difficult music was accomplished with an ease of execution and a beauty of tone little short of miraculous. The ovation she received at the conclusion, tremendous as it was, was only her due.

Curt Taucher was a fine-looking Menelaus and sang far better than we ever heard him sing in his Metropolitan days, and Maria Rajdl as the tender-hearted sorceress sang a long and difficult part with a fine understanding of the requirements of the rôle. The part of the All-knowing Muschel, who seems to have been the Radio of Aithra's establishment, was well sung by Helene Jung from the orchestra pit. The other members of the cast were equal to the not inconsiderable demands made upon them. The production itself was characterized by a quiet richness all too seldom encountered in opera houses these days. The scenic effects were perfectly managed, while the lighting was worked out with a fine regard for the requirements of each scene—the scene of Helena's awakening with the silver couch and its huge iridescent shell being particularly successful. The costumes were very beautiful with just the exotic touch needed for this latest fantasy of Hofmannsthal.

The whole was under the musical direction of Fritz Busch, well known to New Yorkers, who conducted with the same fire and enthusiasm that seemed to have caught every member of the cast. An audience composed of a large percentage of the celebrities of the musical world made known its approval in no uncertain fashion, no less than sixty "curtains" being required before it could be persuaded to disperse, which it finally did with evident reluctance, bringing to a close an evening not soon to be forgotten by any one fortunate enough to have been present.



THE SCENE OF HELEN'S AWAKENING

Maria Rajdl as Aithra, Elisabeth Rethberg as Helen, and Curt Taucher as Menelaus

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The Play's the Thing

By
MARIAN HURD McNEELY

I MET a friend whom I had not seen since our early school days in the shopping district of a Mid-Western city. The conversation fell upon our respective families, and my old schoolmate spoke fondly of her only daughter.

"Is she blonde, like you?" I asked.

"I don't know," sighed my friend. "She used to be a blonde, but I can't say what she is now. Since she started to high school I never see her in the daylight."

I laughed. "Is her course of study so strenuous?"

"Oh, no; her study is easy enough. It's her recreation that makes a slave of her." And she went on to explain. The child belonged to the school orchestra, the basket-ball team, and a language club. And it was literally true from November to March that during daylight on school days she was never at home.

Since then my own child has entered the senior high school, and I find that my friend's speech was not so extravagant, after all. My daughter is, naturally, serious-minded, a good student, and interested in her class work, but now the grave is not her goal. She is a member of the hockey team and the orchestra; has joined a Latin club and the debating society. And when I remonstrate with her about filling every moment of her waking hours with some "activity," she says:

"But you want me to win school credits, don't you? I never will be eligible to the National Honor Society if I don't take part in school affairs."

If she stars in the National Honor system, she must also star as a boarder. I see her only at a hurried breakfast, at the dinner table, and, occasionally, in the evening. When she is not playing in the school orchestra, or "ushering" at a school entertainment, or selling tickets for one, or dancing at one, she is likely to be at home after dinner. But not with the family. She is in her own room, not only studying or "writing up a note-book," but making a mosaic copy of the "Cave canem" for the Roman banquet of the Latin Club, or drawing a poster for a contest, or planning a hike for the Nature Club. The sun never sets on the school program.

It is only within the past ten years that the public schools have broken out with this epidemic of entertainment which threatens, eventually, to destroy their object. Under the engaging term "school activities," conditions are being developed that are a menace to the traditions of our preparatory institutions. Our children are over-burdened with recreation. So much amusement and entertainment is being provided for them that they are worn out with it all. They are overworked with play, and, as a consequence, the real object of school suffers.

I don't know how universal these conditions are in America, but from the fact that the National Honor Society, which has chapters in preparatory schools in all parts of the United States, makes participation in school activities one of the requirements for membership, I assume that the Middle West is not the only section in which these conditions prevail. One of the language teachers in our local high school told me recently, when I complained that I had made my child over to a school system, that the public schools all over the country were being run in the same way. "It's the modern method," she explained. "At all the educational meetings we hear the same thing: 'Make the school interesting to the children. Make school life enjoyable for the pupils.' "

To that end, organizations: musical and literary, social and dramatic, athletic and scientific. Lectures at the school assemblies, dancing parties at night. The school system has become a Miss Havisham, with her "Play, boy, play." For years the public schools were content with a track team, a football eleven, a basket-ball team, and a newspaper staff—possibly, a debating club. The modern school has all these and, besides, several glee clubs, a band, an orchestra, the Senate and the House, several language clubs, a nature club, a normal training club, a business society, and an outing club. These are the cares that infest the day. And the night shall be filled with music, with plays, with athletic contests, with occasional dances or lectures or concerts. In the meantime the lessons suffer. How can they help but do so? The old hour of "morning practice" on piano or violin has vanished. Housework has gone the way of the petticoat. Who has time to make a bed or to fill the wood-box before the school bus leaves? In winter, it is still dark when the children go in the mornings.

I BELIEVE that our educational system is trying to do too much. In its desire to give the best to the young people of this country, it is overreaching itself. It is becoming a soviet government. One by one it has taken upon itself new duties—the health of our children, their vaccination and inoculation, their nutrition, their money-saving, their morals. And now it is assuming their entertainment. The effect of it all is not only to overburden the teacher, but to make irresponsible parents and dependent children. Modern education is not teaching pupils self-reliance. It is making them helpless. The up-to-date system is to sugar-coat every pill. One of the recent inaugurations in the public schools is the introduction of the "supervised study" system. To that end all the time of the school day that is not spent in recitation is devoted to what might be called "companionate study." Gathered in a small room, the class spends thirty-five minutes in listening to the teacher's explanation of the next lesson. All hear the same exposition, regardless of which individuals need it. This is followed by class study in the same room. There is no absolute quiet, no opportunity for concentration, no incentive for working out a problem for one's self. All must spend the same time on that lesson, regardless of their aptitude for it. The habit of quiet digging, which is one of the greatest things that any school can teach, is absolutely destroyed by this system. It levels all minds, and, while it may be helpful to the dull and the lazy, it is deadly to the fine student.

Just for curiosity, I dissected my daughter's school schedule a few weeks ago. I found that a member of the orchestra, taking gymnasium work and hygiene (both required), had but thirty minutes per week that she is free to devote to study according to her own dictates. Aside from that half-hour, her preparation during school hours for her recitations must be identical with that of

(*Please turn to continuation, page 397*)

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Otto the Magnificent

By HARRY SALPETER

WERE Otto H. Kahn, head of the banking house of Kuhn, Loeb & Co., Chairman of the Board of Directors of the Metropolitan Opera House, and probably the greatest patron of the arts since Lorenzo the Magnificent—were he the conventional millionaire burdened with a sense of duty towards the arts and seeking by means of his wealth to obtain a modicum of *gloire,* he would have put aside a certain sum toward the establishment of a foundation bearing his name, and on the shoulders of the board of directors thereof he would have laid the responsibility of apportioning sums to individuals and to groups presenting claims to special gifts and special purposes. What was an impulse would have hardened into an institution, and the founder of the foundation, his conscience eased, would have retired into the shell of old habits and fixed limitations.

The essential difference between the conventional type of millionaire and Otto H. Kahn consists in the fact that he has not institutionalized his impulse. He has used his wealth to buy himself a share, a vicarious share, in some of the creative expressions of the modern world, especially in drama, music, and art. Perhaps, incidentally, he also has bought himself a share in the publicity which some of these creative expressions attract. Whether or not he seeks satisfaction for his egotism, he does seek to understand, to participate, in a measure, in realms as far removed from the normal concerns of Wall Street as are the Poles. And yet it will be a minor tragedy of his that he shall not know to what extent his opinions on art are tolerated because of his wealth, for with his wealth he has bought reputation which often is denied to impecunious intelligence. His good will, however, cannot be denied. When, for example, he returned from the Delphic games in Greece a year ago, he was literally besieged by artists and poets seeking subsidies. He might have delegated to a secretary the task of finding out who they were and what they wanted. But he did not, because it was he who wanted to know who they were and what they wanted. When, in an attempt to discover the criterion which governed his bequests, I suggested the hypothetical case of two applicants only one of whom could have his request for help granted, he answered that no such problem could confront him, for he would grant the requests of both. Wherein he reveals the generosity of his impulse, or the lack of a rigid standard of taste. Perhaps it is his wisdom not to wish to give too wisely; or perhaps it is his vanity to wish to give, no matter how art may be served. His explanation, in his words, is that he believes that it is his job to give a chance to the forlorn hope, to lend a sympathetic ear to those who have no one else to turn to; he believes in the virtue of letting people test their artistic theories, whether he is in full accord or not. But the esteem which he has obtained through his contributions may well be out of all proportion to the actual advantages conferred—upon art, not artists.

That he is concerned exclusively, or informed deeply, wherein matters of art are concerned is, I believe, a fiction fostered by publicity, fostered in turn by vanity. He has bestowed his patronage upon musical comedy and revolutionary drama alike. But he has withstood, with some courage, the shafts of ridicule which his patronage has brought upon him.

The world has been informed of the spectacular enterprises which his interest has made possible. He made possible the temporary "loan" to American audiences of such organizations as Diaghileff's Russian Ballet, Copeau's Théâtre du Vieux Colombier, Stanislavsky's Art Theatre, and the Max Reinhardt Company. The Copeau organization remained for more than a year, at a great loss. The chairmanship of the Board of Directors of the Metropolitan Opera House has not been a coupon-clipping job. The Theatre Guild and the Provincetown Theatre, yesterday, the Civic Repertory and the New Playwrights' Theatres today have not been without obligation to this Mæcenas. Among his early services to the Theatre Guild was the acquisition of a lease for the Garrick Theatre upon terms better than reasonable. One check bearing Otto Kahn's signature set in motion for two seasons a group of radical idealists banded together under the name of the New Playwrights' Theatre.

OF these large benefits the world is more or less informed. But the world does not know of the scores of individuals whom he has quietly benefited, opening the windows of opportunity. If there were frauds and weaklings among them, he gave them the benefit of the doubt. Since he does not believe in stifling any individual, any group with subsidy, Mr. Kahn has been enabled to spread his benefits over so wide a surface that few beside himself could give the dimensions. And often he will disguise his help by giving in return for a single specimen of an obscure struggling painter's work a check which will purchase a round trip to Europe. Strictly speaking, he has bought a painting. While gathering material for this article I stumbled over many writers and artists who had reasons for gratitude to Mr. Kahn. The following cases are typical, data upon them having been obtained without his knowledge.

For two years he maintained an author who was gathering material to trace the thread of idealism through American history. He gave an unknown youth $15 a week for a year to enable him to write plays. Five or six years ago he helped over the hurdles a sculptor who has now acquired an international reputation. A Danish-American artist has been maintained at Paris for two and a half years. For one year a distinguished, but not popular, young novelist and essayist was put beyond the reach of necessity by Mr. Kahn. At least one young writer now engaged on a play is having his bills paid by Mr. Kahn. He has also put one well-known critic on the road to economic independence by investing his surplus earnings for him. He has made possible careers for singers. He was the "angel" for several Bel-Geddes productions. He renders services which have a monetary value difficult to compute. From several of his beneficiaries I have learned that he attaches no conditions to his assistance and that whoever assumes that he must defer to his presumed opinions is in danger of losing his respect; the aforementioned critic has held up Mr. Kahn to good-humored ridicule at

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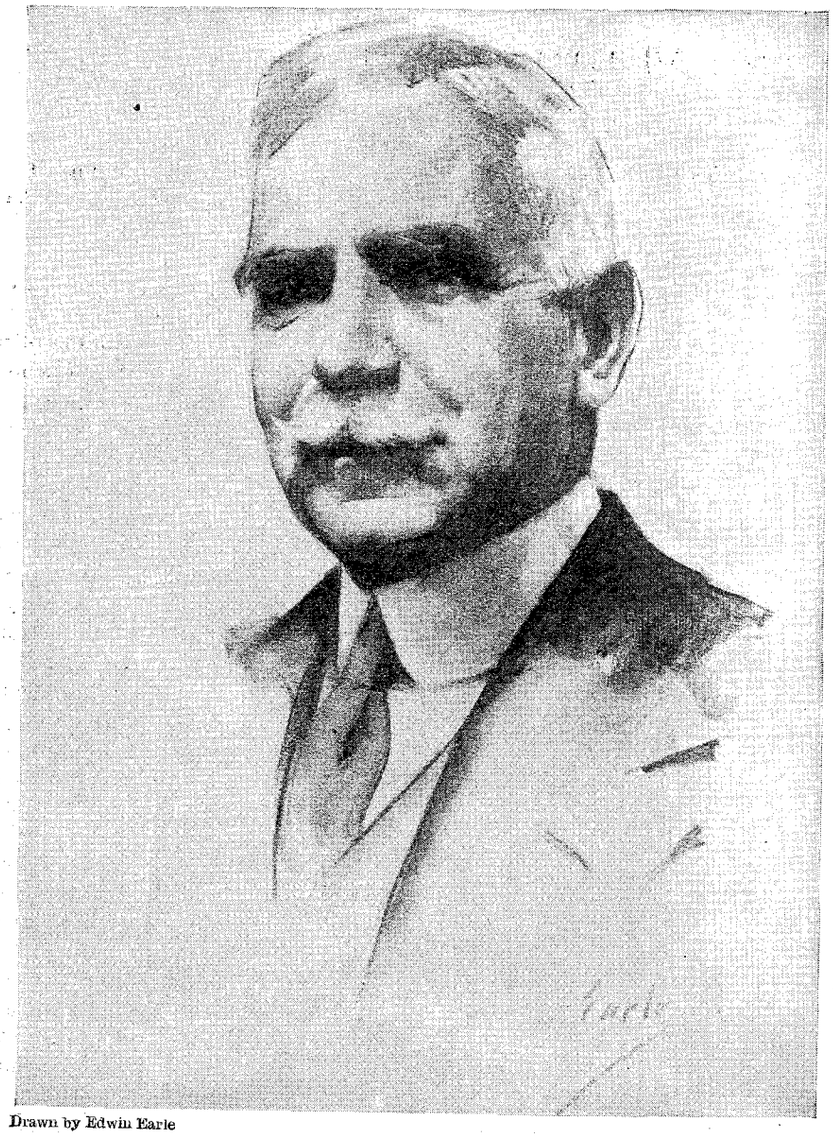

Drawn by Edwin Earle

Otto H. Kahn

least once. To me he said that he expects a certain number of dramatic enterprises which he helps to turn out badly, inevitably, for if the odds were not greatly against them he would not be needed, inasmuch as applicants would find reasonable responsiveness, presumably, on the part of commercial managers.

What are the ideas, the motives governing Otto H. Kahn in his numerous and diverse benevolences to the arts and the practitioners thereof? That was the chief question I asked this small, stocky, ruddy, perfectly garbed and groomed financier as he sat before his almost ascetic luncheon in the private dining-room of the Kuhn, Loeb & Co. building. Had he, perchance, in his youth sought to be a poet, a musician, an artist? And this was his answer:

For many generations his family had been steeped in love of the arts. He regards his love of the arts as his chief inheritance. Early in life he was taught to perform on the violin, the 'cello, and the piano. He plays on them today. Before he had reached the age of sixteen he had written a blank-verse tragedy in five acts—"juvenile rubbish." His parents having discovered his *opus* and read it, a great auto da fé was held and his dramatic aspirations perished in the flames. His parents then put Otto H. Kahn to work in a banking office. And he then, without resenting his parents' decision or clinging stubbornly to the Muse, made two resolutions: (1) to make money, to be successful; (2) to employ his success to foster the consciousness for art and to give material encouragement to artists. How much of romantic after-thought enters into this explanation I cannot say. But he has kept both resolutions.

He made these resolutions about forty-four years ago. Twenty-seven years ago, when he was a rising financier, he thought the time had come to make his contribution to the cause of art. He approached his elders for their advice, and all but one discouraged him. Undaunted, Mr. Kahn then proceeded towards the fulfillment of his boyhood resolutions, and he believes that he has proved that a financier may be interested in the arts without vitiating his business sense, losing caste, or endangering his success.

THERE are other motives. There are millionaires who, recalling the Gospel reference to the difficulties of the rich man in entering heaven, have sought to make amends. They have contributed to universities, hospitals, libraries, museums, established foundations for scores of purposes. I believe Otto H. Kahn wishes to make amends. He has himself used the word "atone" in an explanation of his services to art. And atonement by means of patronage of the arts is perhaps a little more distinctive than burdening a university with an endowment or founding another hospital. Furthermore, he has a social vision, even if, as in the following quotation, he states it in the terms of finance: "Every man who has attained material success should look upon himself as an investment . . . which the community has made. In return for the opportunities given to him and for the financial rewards which they have brought, it is 'up to him' to yield dividends in service and in other things of value to the community. In proportion to whether in this sense he turns out a good or a bad investment, he merits the approbation or the censure of his fellow-citizens. A portion of those dividends may well be paid, I believe, in fostering art." In his book, "Of Many Things," he made this humble statement: "I am trying, in various ways, to prove a reasonably satisfactory investment." Besides, he believes that it is his duty as a rich man to help in channeling the creative instincts of individuals in lawful grooves, lest they break out and find expression in forms of lawlessness, in anarchism. Besides, he regards it as his duty to help soften the harsh contrasts between rich and poor. Those were his own words. And he has written: "It may truly be said that art contains the

(*Please turn to continuation, page 398*)

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The Faith of the Scientist

By O. F. KERLIN

I WAS pounding away at a rock outcrop beside the road when they arrived on the scene. We passed the usual friendly greeting, and I resumed my examination of the strata. He was leading a cow, and as neither of them seemed to be in a hurry they stopped to watch my behavior. The cow quickly lost interest and started to crop the grass by the roadside, but the farmer continued to observe me with an air of amused tolerance.

At length he asked, "Well, what're you aimin' to find? Gold or something?"

"Oh, no," I replied; "I was just looking at the rocks around here to find out what kind they were, and learn their age."

He nodded in comprehension. "Lessee," he said. "What is it you fellows work at? Sounds something like what these young preachers take when they go away to school." I told him I was a geologist.

"Geology! That's it, geology! I always get it mixed up with theology. Lots of difference, though. A geologist has no faith, and a theologist is runnin' over with it. Funny what a little difference in spelling will do," and he roared with laughter at his joke.

He continued: "You scientists won't believe anything till you see it, will you? You're all from Missouri. Well, I don't know; seems to me it's kind of unnatural not to believe *nothin'* unless you can prove it. Leastways, I'd think it would be more comfortable to have a little faith in something."

"You have to have a lot of faith to be a student of science," I assured him. "You need more faith than a minister has to have."

He looked at me with surprise. "You don't believe anything you can't prove, though, and a preacher does. So I don't see how you figure that out," he replied, triumphantly.

I am sure he never believed me when I told him that every scientist has to believe many things which he cannot prove, and never will be able to prove; that the scientist must prove his faith by devoting his working life to a continued testing of its principles and laws. He must make a continual effort to disprove the things he has always believed to be true. When he had gone, I began to reflect upon his attitude toward science.

His opinion of science and scientists is not uncommon. In fact, it is typical, one may say, almost universal, with the general public. Most people think that a scientist must be a hard-boiled cynic, refusing to believe anything unless he can observe it in a test-tube or under a microscope, prove it by a mathematical calculation, or express it by a chemical formula. Yet nothing could be further from the truth.

SCIENCE is not, primarily, a body of knowledge. Science is a method of inquiry. This method of inquiry cannot be pursued with profit until the neophyte has accepted as fundamental and true certain premises which may not be true. Further, most of these premises can never be proved. Yet they must be accepted without question, for without them progress would be impossible. They form the articles of faith of the scientist.

The first article of faith is this: That this is a universe governed by law, and not by chance or whim; that the universe is a cosmos, not a chaos. It requires one to believe that the behavior of the stars in the heavens, the waves of the sea hurling themselves against the cliffs, or the molecules of a substance in solution are determined and restricted in each case by a definite set of natural laws governing such behavior. To cite an example: The scientist believes that the earth turns on its axis today, not because it has been ordered to turn on its axis today, but because it cannot help doing so. He believes that when it stops turning it will not stop because of chance or command, but because something stops it. It seems reasonable to believe this, but no one can prove that it is true.

Likewise, the chemist believes that when you add sulfuric acid to a solution of barium chloride in a test-tube you will always get a precipitate of barium sulfate in the bottom of the test-tube. He believes that certain laws govern the actions of barium and sulfate ions when they are both present in the same solution. Now it may be that somewhere, some time, a chemist will mix the two and not get the customary result. No one ever has, though, so it seems reasonable to assume that their combination is governed by law. The case cannot be proved, however.

The second article of faith to which the science student must subscribe is this: That natural laws are immutable. The geologist knows that rain falls upon the land, and gathers into little streams, these streams joining to form rivers which flow to the sea. He knows that these streams do certain things in a certain way today. He is required to believe that a million years ago streams formed on those lands where rain fell, and did the same work in the same way. He is obliged to assume that laws governing the action of running water are unchangeable. It is eminently reasonable as an assumption, but no geologist knows that it is true.

WE now come to the third article of faith. The man of science believes that back of every fact, back of every event in nature, there's a reason. He does not believe that the phenomena of nature are the result of chance or whim Though readers of this magazine may think that the very statement of such an obvious proposition is absurd, there are probably fifty million people in the United States who will not accept it. There are States in which it is against the law to proceed on this assumption when instructing the young. One must teach that the myriads of fossils found embedded in the sedimentary rocks exposed at the earth's surface have been put there personally by Satan to cause man's downfall, or that these things were put there by the Deity, as a sort of trick, to test the faith of the elect. In any event, in these States one must teach that the record of the rocks has no validity, if one teaches it at all.

This third assumption does not apply merely to geology and zoölogy and astronomy. It holds for all of science. If it is not true in every single manifestation, it is not dependable at all, and all the experiments made by man in every field of science immediately lose their usefulness and significance. If this belief is not correct, then all attempts at progress in every scientific field from engineering to medicine are worse than useless, for progress is made by experiment, and experiment is simply the search for the meaning behind nature's clues. If these facts are meaningless,

(*Please turn to continuation, page 400*)

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Miniatures from the Life

By IBBY HALL

Success

THERE is a broad street in a big city, built high with imposing apartment-houses. Here is to be found all the appearance of magnificence which, though beyond the purses of the poor, is not yet the easy magnificence of the rich. Nevertheless, behind the glass doors, down the gilded corridors, and up the shining elevators are the homes of those who have, like the buildings, the appearance of success.

To one of these houses a year or so ago came a young couple, recently married. They were a happy and prosperous family. It was noticed that these two were young and in love with life, and that life in return smiled upon them. For the four-room apartment, costing all of $125 a month, was gradually furnished with becoming lavishness. And before many months there was a third member of the little family to share the parents' prosperity. The world was going very well indeed. The air in that excellent neighborhood was wholesome and invigorating, and the baby thrived upon it.

"All very well for the first year," said the young father, indulgently, "but next year she'll be big enough to travel. Next summer we'll take her to Europe.

One night of the second summer—that summer when the happy family was planning its trip to Europe—the telephone at a certain police headquarters rang sharply on three successive calls. The first call was from a singularly cool young woman who told a dramatic story. She had seen a man's face in her mirror while she lay beside her sister pretending to be asleep. Together they had seen him open their door, throw his flashlight about the room, and turn out the contents of their bureau. The second call came at once. Another apartment-house in that district had waked to hear a man trying to break in through the dumb-waiter. The third call clattered on the heels of the second. A man in the same neighborhood had been robbed of twenty dollars while he slept.

The night had reached that hour—four o'clock in the morning—when even city people are asleep. But the neighborhood that had sent in those three calls was suddenly alive with policemen. A skulking figure on a shadowy corner was seen to start and run at the sight of a blue uniform. Shots were fired into the air. But still the figure ran desperately, cutting through to the backs of these houses, where dividing hedges were the only obstacles and defense.

Almost he escaped them, for it was a race of desperation. But at his refusal to stop one policeman turned his aim from the sky to the fleeing figure. After that the man did not run so fast, but still he dodged and struggled to run. Two more shots and the quarry fell, pitching face downward on one of the pretty green back lawns.

At headquarters the evidence against him was damning. His shoes had been unlaced, the better to prowl in stocking-feet. The flashlight and the stolen money, with skeleton keys, were in his pocket. One of the sisters was called to look at the dead man's face. Yes, that was the face in the mirror.

But still further back they traced him—back to the age of sixteen, when he was first charged with burglary. There had been other charges since; enough to have sent him to prison for life under the Baumes fourth offense law.

And still further they traced him. To countless unsolved burglaries in the neighborhood of that four-room apartment so charmingly furnished; to the young wife, ignorant of her husband's business; to the year-old baby, who would not now have her summer trip to Europe.

Alone

THE old have learned strange and varying lessons, with no two alike. Where can you find two old people who can agree on the advantages of life?

So, one old woman who lives with her daughter and son-in-law is not considered eccentric because she likes to be alone. The old woman is humored by those with whom she lives. They know her taste for her own companionship, and do not trouble themselves much when they find she is absent. She is somewhere else. By herself.

On a bright Sunday in summer the little family of three decided to go on a picnic. Not far from where they lived was beautiful country—a big lake, cool woods, sweet air to breathe, and nothing to think about. The three settled down to the business of picnicking. After the luncheon basket was empty a long afternoon of rest and blissful idleness stretched before them.

But the old woman had a hunger that was unappeased. She had lived a long time, but life still held too much beauty for her. The look of the world had come to be a companion to her, and every new face of it became a new adventure. Beyond the turn of trees yonder she could see flowers; beyond the flowers the rise of the nearest mountain. Was there a road down that way? With an eagerness impatient of her body, the old woman pulled herself to her feet. The daughter and son-in-law looked up lazily and the mother motioned towards the flowers. She started off.

The flowers first; then it was the promise of a path and ferns beyond. She was alone now, and the world was changing every minute. Always ahead was the promise of something beautiful and something new. This was living! This was happiness! This was all there was.

At dusk the picnic party was ready to return. The woods were growing cold, the sky had turned away from them, and the water had become a menace. The daughter knew that the mother was enjoying herself, but what could be keeping her so long as this? By the time it was dark other searchers had joined them. But no glimpse or reply was to be had of the old woman. She had vanished.

By morning the police were worried. The mountainous country around the lake—as far as an old woman could possibly walk—had been searched in every direction. Her strength would have given out long before these distances that had exhausted the searchers. Slowly and reluctantly they came at last to the inevitable conclusion. The only spot now where they could not have found her was the lake. It may have been an accident, but likely enough she was old and tired of life. No matter. The question now was, Should they drag the lake? Or would it be better to dynamite it?

The question was too difficult to settle all at once. It took time deciding, and before they could decide a message came from a city some ten miles distant.

For it seems that an old woman had been found lost and bewildered wandering through the streets of this strange city, still looking for something far from home.

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The Movies

By A. M SHERWOOD, Jr.

"The Lion and the Mouse"

A GENUINELY interesting experience awaits those who go to see "The Lion and the Mouse."

You may not—in fact, you almost certainly will not—think it's a good movie; but you will hear Lionel Barrymore speak, and this is a treat which you shouldn't deny yourself. He takes the suety old part of John Burkett Ryder, and does things to it which he never could have done if you weren't able to hear him.

It gives one a curious and pleasurable sensation, this talking movie. It's not at all the kind of thrill which may be experienced (or may not be) by hearing the voices of stage players; it's so much more intimate, so much less illusive, that one has a curious sense of eavesdropping, which at times amounts to embarrassment. This feeling, to be sure, may be accounted for by the fact that it is always rather embarrassing to discover some one in the act of doing a thoroughly uncharacteristic thing; and movie actors, it must be remembered, have never talked at their work, except in a few recent (and painful) instances.

No Vitaphone or Movietone performance which has gone before can boast the precise degree of novelty which is in "The Lion and the Mouse," because none of them has had Lionel Barrymore in it. His marvelous abilities as a speaking actor have been all but forgotten in the long period during which he has been having his ups and downs in the picture game. The scowl, the sneer, and the Machiavellian grin have been his only means of self-expression for so long now that we have thought of him as a sort of Gwynplaine—deprived, by some Comprachico atrocity, of the power to speak. But speak he can, and does; and in doing so he contributes something of genuine significance to the art of entertaining.

The others in the cast (Buster Collier, May McAvoy, and Alec Francis) are perhaps capable of improvement as Vitaphone talkers; and so, perhaps, are Al Jolson, Dolores Costello, Conrad Nagel, and numerous others who have essayed this one-way method of communication. But the fact persists that Lionel Barrymore is the first to achieve a workable technique; and whether this is because he has happened to hit on the proper modulation of tone or whether it's just

because he's Lionel Barrymore, can be decided only when some of the others begin to imitate his methods.

ONE thing is certain: the talking movies, good, bad, or indifferent, have come to stay. Their appearance in our very midst is only a matter of the time required for the showing of all the silent pictures now being made.

As we have tried to convey before this, their value as entertainment will depend on the manner of their doing, which is a statement so eminently meaningless that it might almost do for a platform plank. When Molnar, Galsworthy, Howard, and O'Neill begin writing directly for the screen, we'll see, and hear, something so startlingly new in screen entertainment that memories of "Tenderloin" and "The Lion and the Mouse" will be as good for a hearty laugh as are now the recollections of Mary Pickford's early efforts or King Baggot's—or Maurice Costello's.

We'll go with the characters in a play while they cross fields, take ship for distant parts, climb mountains, and storm fortresses; we'll hear them speak, when speech is required, and we'll observe that they are able to keep silence at those times when actions are more to be desired than words. We'll be impressed because they're all so much more credible than stage-players, and, finally, perhaps, we'll all go to an old-fashioned spoken drama, just to get away from the mechanical monstrosity of it all.

But that's borrowing trouble. The mechanism of the Movietone can creak no louder than does the mechanism of certain stage plays. If you don't know what we mean, study up a bit on the stock tricks of dramatic construction and buy—if you can get one—a ticket to "Strange Interlude."

"Ladies of the Mob"

THE scenario of this picture is based on that enlightening brochure by Ernest Booth entitled "We Rob a Bank," and was adapted for the screen by Oliver H. P. Garrett, the same who tapped out the kaleidoscopic "The Drag Net." Again he has provided a fast-moving, absorbing story which entertains without convincing.

It also gives Clara Bow the best part she has had since she worked with Lubitsch and demonstrates what long has been a tenet of this department, to wit: that this young person can really act. If Miss Bow could arrange with some reliable radio operator to kidnap Mme. Elinor Glyn until Miss Bow had time to get a fresh start in her profession, movie-goers would be gainers.

Richard Arlen appears opposite the star in "Ladies of the Mob" and continues to fulfill the promise so richly portended by his work in "Wings." Take it all in all, no juvenile on the screen today can approach Arlen for genuine ability. He has the brains, the looks, and the background, and, being an Englishman, he probably also has that eminently necessary adjunct to future screen success—the voice.

"Ladies of the Mob" is, we warn you, a crook play. There's a run on them now, in consequence of the success of "Underworld." But this picture is one of the better ones, and we don't hesitate to recommend it. Other more or less recent films of this type which may also be recommended were "Dressed to Kill," "Partners in Crime," and "The Drag Net," all previously reviewed in these columns. Good pictures, every one.

"How to Handle Women"

TO report at length on this bewilderingly stupid comedy would be, in the present inflated condition of the ink and paper markets, an economic blunder; so we'll merely say that it's all about a scheme to sell peanuts in a mythical kingdom and that the star is Glenn Tryon, a young man with a funny face and a bad habit of overplaying. If you insist on seeing it, find out first what the newsreel is like for that evening.

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By W. R. BROOKS

THE great difficulty of writing anything on the typewriter is that occasionally the mind either runs ahead of or falls behind the fingers. Usually it falls behind. Well-trained fingers, in either of these two contingencies, will stop until the mind either catches up or turns around and comes back for them. But our fingers have never been taught to obey our mind; they have a silly pride in their ability to leap about on the keyboard, and they frequently keep leaping about for several sentences after our mind has completely abandoned them. Then if we don't read over what we have written extraordinary things get into print.

A psychological friend tells us that this brainless finger-play is a sort of automatic writing, that our subconscious, released by the absence of our conscious attention, is coming out to play, and that a psychoanalyst could tell us strange and horrible things about ourself by examining what the fingers have written. But we don't quite believe this. Our subconscious may be wicked, but it isn't a fool. And these things are just plain foolish.

Other people do it too. In a book blurb the other day we read this: "In this tale spears flash and axes ring on leather breastplates." And in another: " . . . amid the vile oaths and deafening gun reports of her drink-crazed husband who, in cold blood, murders the doctor who has just finished his work of mercy." Now we submit that these sentences are the work, not of the subconscious, but of type-crazed fingers. Even in the subconscious no ax ever rang on leather; no murderer is cold-blooded who indulges in vile oaths and deafening gun reports. That writer's fingers just went on working after he had forgotten all about the subject and was wondering what he'd have for lunch, or why nobody seemed to see that the stuff he wrote was just like H. G. Wells, or whether she really meant what she said yesterday.

Of course all this heavy barrage of words is merely laid down to cover our timid advance with an apology for a small misstatement in the last issue. We said the Vanity Kodaks were in leather cases. And we meant taffeta cases. We hope you'll forgive us and accept our explanation, that it was the fingers and not the brain. We have done it before, of course, but only regarding our opinions and certain incidents in our past—never, so far as we know, in telling you about any of the things we have seen. And we will try in the future to keep our fingers under better control.

HAVING in our youth done a little burglary in an amateurish way, we have a certain sympathy for the members of that profession and like to help them all we can. Hence we wish to call the following item particularly to their attention, although it is probably of just as much interest to the law-abiding householder. It is the Dynamo Hand Flashlight, and it never goes back on you because it doesn't use batteries, but the necessary current is generated by twisting the handle around a few times. If you have ever spent weeks of preparation and investigation, and have then with much difficulty and danger broken into some lordly mansion and found yourself among silver and jewels and costly knickknacks with a flashlight whose battery has gone dead on you, you will certainly appreciate this addition to your kit. Even if you are not a burglar, you might find it very handy. Although it's rather expensive. It costs ten dollars.

IN fitting chandeliers or wall brackets with electric lights which are supposed to look like candles, it has always been difficult to find imitation candles that looked anything at all like the real thing. They are now being made of real wax, and the wires pass up through the center. The bulbs, also, are smaller than any we have seen before, and look more like real flames.

HAVE you ever been interested in the heavens? We don't mean as an ultimate destination, or as about us in our infancy; we mean an elementary astronomical interest. We had such an interest last summer. We thought we'd like to know the names of the stars and planets and constellations, and some of the legends about them, and possibly a little bit, but not too much, about the scientific side of their activities. We were interested sentimentally, really, and not mathematically.

We got several books and read a lot of interesting things, but when we got out at night with the book in our hands and the heavens spread out like a scroll above us, we found that we couldn't find a single one of the things we wanted to find. We knew quite a lot, too—more than most people. We knew the sun and the moon and the big dipper and the North Star, and we knew what the ecliptic was, though we've forgotten it since. But, in spite of this vast knowledge, we didn't get anywhere until some one gave us a contraption called the Star and Planet Finder. This is a large square of cardboard, made something like an envelope, with a circular window in it. In the envelope is fixed a map of all the stars, which rotates and can be set for the day of the month and the time of night, so that the stars visible at any time are shown in the window. Pushpins representing sun, moon, and planets can be put in their proper places according to directions on the back. We got this affair all set, took a flashlight, went out and lay down on our back on the dock, and, holding the finder above our head, had an exact map of the sky, so that it was no trouble at all to pick out the various stars. We learned more with it in half an hour than we could have learned in a month without it. We recommend it to the beginning astronomer.

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Wall Street Had a Little Lamb

Bleatings in the Neighborhood of Almost Any Ticker

By
THOMAS H. GAMMACK

"AMERICAN BISCUIT—that's my stock. 42. Up a point. Fifty dollars in two minutes. Why haven't I ever done any speculating before? I get a great kick out of it. I wish I could earn fifty dollars in a day at the office. 42½. That's seventy-five dollars. 43. A hundred dollars. That will pay the tailor's bill. 44¼. I'd like to see it go to 50 this afternoon. Then I'd be up $450.

"If I'd only bought a hundred instead of fifty shares, I'd be up two hundred dollars. I'll buy fifty more now. Doubles or quits. If I lose what I'm ahead now, I'll quit. 44, 43½, 43. Now I'm behind a little. I wonder if Bert knew what he was talking about when he told me to buy American Biscuit. Why did I assume that a broker would know what a stock would do? Why didn't I take my hundred-dollar profit when I had it? Why am I so damn greedy? No one ever got poor taking a profit. 43½, 44, 44½, 44¾. Come on, boy, right through the roof. If it will only go to 50, I'll sell out and kiss the stock market good-by. The trouble with most people is that they don't know when to stop."

"PERHAPS I was a sap to sell those two bonds my father gave me to get back into the market, but, after paying a thousand dollars for experience, I'd be foolish not to use it. I was crazy to let go of that American Biscuit three weeks ago just because it dropped back to 33. You won't catch me losing my nerve this time just because a stock drops a few points. And no more doubling up. That was one of my worst troubles—being too greedy. This time I'll be more conservative.

"Well, if Bert says that there is a pool working in Consolidated to run it up twenty points he's probably right. I'd be a damn sight better off if I'd taken his advice before. I wouldn't have lost that thousand dollars. I guess I'll buy fifty. At 145? All right. Caught it on a reaction. Now it's 147. 148, 148½. More than three points already. I may not be as wonderful at reading the ticker tape as Jesse Livermore, but any one can see that Consolidated is going higher. I'll buy just fifty more. At 148⅜? All right. I've made more than a hundred and fifty dollars already, so I have that much to play with. And now Consolidated is selling at 150. Let's see. I'm up two hundred and fifty on the first fifty shares I bought and more than sixty dollars on the second.

"Why didn't I do this before? I don't see now how I can help but make money. Bert hears about these pools. If I get in when they start to buy and get out before they begin to sell, it's a cinch. I wonder why Bert doesn't play the market himself. He's a good broker. I suppose he hasn't got the nerve to play for high stakes. My idea is that you've got to take a chance if you are going to get anywhere.

"I'm not going to stay with this Consolidated too long, though Rothschild said that he grew rich by never buying at the bottom nor selling at the top. That's what I say. Let some one else get the last few points.

"There's Consolidated at 165. I'm selling. That gives me a profit of more than eight hundred dollars. Now I've learned my lesson.

"But look at that Consolidated now. 166, 167, 168, 170. If I'd only stayed in, I would have had another five hundred dollars. The only thing to do is to buy a good stock, put it away, and forget about it. I'm buying those hundred shares back again."

"I GUESS I wasn't such a sap, after all, six weeks ago when I sold those two bonds and went back into the market. That first thousand dollars I lost showed me what not to do.

"Let's see. I've run two thousand dollars up to eighteen thousand dollars. Nearly four years' salary in six weeks. Perhaps I haven't worked as hard as I might have at the office, but I certainly haven't lost any money by keeping an eye on my investments. It's been a strain and I need a rest, but I won't take one yet. I'll just run this eighteen thousand dollars up to fifty thousand and then kiss the stock market good-by. I'll take a good, long vacation this summer. I could live like a king for three months, and at the end of the time be better off than I was six weeks ago.

"These pessimists make me sick. These newspaper writers who say the market is due for a licking are probably being paid by bearish operators. Who cares what the Federal Reserve Board thinks of the level of prices? What do they know about the stock market? Let them stick to their own business. J. P. Morgan said that a bear on the United States would go broke, and he was right. I'm no bear. What you need in the market is imagination. Some of these things may look high in relation to present earnings, but look at their future. These crabs were saying four years ago that General Motors was too high when it was selling for one-sixth of its present value. With big bullish operators like Durant, Cutten, and Meehan in the saddle, the market can run ahead indefinitely. But I'm through when I get my fifty thousand.

"There goes Radio, up another five points in half an hour. Why didn't I buy that before? I would have had my fifty thousand if I hadn't been so yellow. Well, I'll buy some now and hang on to it."

"THE first thing I am going to teach my sons is to leave the stock market alone. At my age I should have known better than to think I could get something for nothing.

"Why didn't I quit when I had eighteen thousand dollars? And why did I buy Radio right at the top? Any one could see that it was too high. Bert should have told me to leave it alone. He's a broker, and he ought to have known that a crash was coming.

"Think what I could have done with that eighteen thousand dollars! It would have paid the rent on a good apartment for more than five years. The trouble with me was that I was too greedy—wanted to get rich in six months. If I only had known as much about the market then as I do now, I'd still have that eighteen thousand dollars.

"What a fool I was to spend so much of the profits I had temporarily. I could certainly use the three hundred dollars that I spent giving that party the day after Excelsior A jumped fifteen points. If I ever get any more money, I'm going to put it in the savings bank."

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Grandmother's Parched Peas

A Tale for Children

By HARRIET EAGER DAVIS

Illustrated by Helen Jameson Hall

TO children on a Wisconsin prairie, Grandmother Gilman's tales of her seashore childhood—white-winged boats in the harbor, the beach strewn with shells where she and Sister Jane gathered white grains to "sand" their freshly scrubbed kitchen floor—all sounded like a fairy tale. But even more fun were the queer accounts of her school days, so old-fashioned as compared with their own "modern" Western country schools of the 80's. Over and over they begged for this favorite tale.

Grandmother's Parched Peas

As remembered by Josephine E. Toal

WHEN I was a little girl of seven, we had never heard of popcorn, but how we loved parched peas! First Father threshed them from the dry pods with a flail on the barn floor, then we parched them in the long-handled iron skillet over the coals in the fireplace. We thought them delicious; but children were not hard to please in those days. Would you believe that even slate-pencils were luxuries and a new one was always carefully divided between Sister Jane and me?

But one winter morning I started for school as proud as a queen. My big brother Robert, who had just come back from Calais doing some "trading" for the family, had brought me a whole new long slate-pencil all my own. I felt so rich!

As we stood about the roaring fireplace in the schoolhouse, trying to warm our aching toes without quite blistering our chapped faces, I showed my treasure to my schoolmates. Alf Brooks, a "big boy" about three years older than I, stood munching parched peas, and when my friend Lucretia Whitney begged for some, he generously dropped four peas into her outstretched hand. 'Cretia promptly passed two on to me, saying: "I know how you like them, Mollie."

"Umm!" I answered, eagerly crunching the little hard balls.

Alf looked at me and then at my slate-pencil. Just as the master rapped his ruler on the desk to open school, he whispered: "I'll trade you, Mollie—my peas for your new pencil."

But I shook my head.

At the noon hour Alf found me again. "See!" He emptied all his pockets, letting the peas rattle deliciously into his dinner-pail. "Here's a whole pint—and they're parched just right. I don't believe that's a very good pencil, anyway. It's kind of scratchy." He scribbled on my slate.

The pencil did squeak. I had already found that out. Besides, I still had my old stumpy short piece. And the peas did look so good! My mouth watered.

"All right," I said finally. "I'll trade."

When the reading class was called, I sat on the recitation bench, carefully clutching a pint of parched peas in the gathered-up corner of my pinafore, for I had no pocket. Next me sat William Henry Perkins, another "big boy" with twinkling eyes, who was always up to tricks. I did not notice him sidling closer to me, until suddenly, when the master's eyes were on his book, I felt a quick sly twitch at my pinafore. And the next thing I knew, "Cla-a-a-ack!" a pint of peas rattled noisily to the floor, pattering all about the master's desk.

"Whose peas are those?" he demanded, sternly. My red face told the tale. "Yours, Mollie?"

I could not speak. I only nodded my head in shame.

"Get the broom," he said, quietly. "Sweep them up and throw them into the fire, and don't bring any more peas to school."

That was all. With tears in my eyes, I obeyed. I had lost both my pencil and my peas and disgraced myself in the bargain.

But that afternoon, as I sat in my seat, my head still bowed with shame, a slate and a pencil—my own new pencil—were passed to me from across the aisle. On the slate I read: "Here's your pencil. You lost the peas, so I give it back. I saw Bill Henry, and he's got to own up or get a licking from me. Alf."

Alf was as good as his word. William Henry owned up, and the master let him off with a black mark in deportment and a few stern words about teasing little girls.

Next day I accidentally dropped my pencil and broke it in two. I kept one half and gave the other to Alf. But as long as the halves lasted they scratched. We used to look at each other across the aisle and smile to hear them squeaking.

[1] The stories in this department are the favorite tales of various families which have been handed down to each succeeding younger generation. The Outlook will be glad to receive and to pay for any such stories which our readers remember from their own childhood and which are found available. They should be told as simply as possible in the language one would use in talking to a child. We should also be glad of suggestions from older and younger readers as to well-known people whom they would be especially interested to have Mrs. Davis interview for stories remembered from childhood.

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Speaking of Books

Edited by FRANCES LAMONT ROBBINS

"TRADER HORN," Volume Two: "Harold the Webbed, or the Young Vikings," by Alfred Aloysius Horn and Ethelreda Lewis. Simon & Schuster. We find the second volume of Trader Horn's works even better fun than the first. These books are not honestly reviewable, but they are certainly readable, and, since the visit to America, there is no danger of their being taken too seriously. Through Volume Two, hit or miss, with running comment by Mrs. Lewis and philosophizing and reminiscing by the Trader, goes the delicious story of "Harold the Webbed," the young Viking, whose adventures should satisfy the most romantic. This wonderful tale pops out of the Trader's head in the same spontaneous, inexplicable way that the stories of his former lives came out from among the shillings and yards and buns and teas in the brain of Kipling's little clerk in "The Greatest Story in the World." And that suggests that Volume Two clears up the mystery of the authorship of "Trader Horn." The authors are not A. A. Horn and E. Lewis. Those are pseudonyms. The real collaborators are Kipling's clerk and another old friend, Daisy Ashford.

In reading Volume Two, begin with McFee's admirable foreword, skip Mrs. Lewis's tedious explanation of her share in the writing, and go on, reading in snatches, and at odd times. So you may miss something, but there will be no possibility of surfeit. On any page there is something to smile at, agree with, or chuckle over. You will find, for instance, what the Trader has to say about history, his advice to authors: "History plus the fair sex has always been a winner," and "I like knowing history that other people don't know anything about." Who doesn't? And his wise words to, if we may presume to say so, book reviewers: "To be able to joke about a turnip makes for popularity somewhat sooner than a knowledge of botany, profound though it may be."

"THE Island Within," by Ludwig Lewisohn. Harper & Brothers. This admirable novel, published some months ago, has remained so long unreviewed only because of lack of space.

Ludwig Lewisohn is best described by the German title *Dichter*. He is philosopher, poet, and moralist. He touches nothing with a tenative finger, searches out no subject that his brilliant mind does not adorn, above all, he gives lasting pleasure to those readers who demand from writers pure and stirring prose. In "The Island Within" he is a moralist, even a propagandist. It is the story of Arthur Levy, an American Jew. The first hundred pages are given to an account of his immediate ancestry in Poland, Germany, and America, a table of begats indispensable to the delineation of Arthur Levy's character, and which fixes him unmistakably as the son of his fathers. His own story is that of the growing and gnawing of racial consciousness through the rewards and humiliations of his childhood, education, practice as a psychiatrist, marriage with a Gentile and fatherhood, until his final decision to throw in his lot definitely with his own people and join a mission to the suffering Jews in the Balkans. It is a chronicle of another wandering of the children of Israel inclosed in the experience of one man by a writer who has a fine understanding of the towering stature of the specific case over the general statement as material alike for the propagandist and for the creative writer.

Lewisohn falls short as a novelist neither in plot nor in setting. And his characterizations are round and convincing. If he has limited himself to a number of fixed types, it must be remembered that he has exercised his right of choice in the interest of proving his point, and that he is in "The Island Within" a propagandist for Jewis racial integrity. A pugnacious reader might cavil at his Gentiles—Arthur Levy's wife, for instance, a troublesome sort of modern, superficially enchanting, fundamentally cold, with no maternal or home-making instinct. But this type was necessary to the novel, if only to facilitate the solution of Arthur Levy's problem. Types are the stuff for the reformer novelist's work.

Lewisohn has a fine sense of the picturesque and a gift for vivid descriptive writing. In the introductory chapters to each book of his novel (the hero's spiritual experiences in symbolical summary) he writes brilliant historical narrative. In fact, so fine are those chapters that a device which might in less capable hands have been ruinously tedious becomes perhaps the best part of his work.

To a person with a strong sense of the past, the inner conflicts of the intelligent Jew must always be a matter of interest, even of curiosity. How can a people alien to it adopt, as America naturally has, the spiritual background of Anglo-Saxondom? How can the Jew feel Milton and Flodden Field and Drake, the gentle saint of Iona, and the terrible friar of Wittenberg in his bones? And how can he be expected to act as though he felt them there and still retain those qualities which are his own age-old heritage? Such questions Lewisohn an-

THIS list is compiled from the lists of the ten best-selling volumes sent us by wire by the following book-shops each week:

New York—Brentano's;
Rochester—Scrantoms Inc.;
Cleveland—Korner & Wood;
St. Louis—Scruggs, Vandevoort, & Barney;
Denver—Kendrick Bellamy Company;
Houston—Teolin Pillot Company;
San Francisco—Paul Elder & Co.;
Baltimore—Norman, Remington Company;
Kansas City—Emery Bird Thayer;
Atlanta—Miller's Book Store;
Los Angeles—Bullock's;
Chicago—Marshall Field & Co.;
Cincinnati—Stewart Kidd.

Fiction

"The Bridge of San Luis Rey," by Thornton Wilder. Albert & Charles Boni. Those who have not yet read this beautifully written story have a delight in store.

"The Battle of the Horizons," by Sylvia Thompson. Little, Brown & Co. You will find this story of an international marriage capably written, and lit by flashes of wit and understanding. Noticed at some length last week.

"Octavia," by Margot Asquith. The F. A. Stokes Company. This comedy of manners is excellent reading. Reviewed June 20.

"The Greene Murder Case," by S. S. Van Dine. Charles Scribner's Sons. Further exploits of detective Philo Vance.

"Bad Girl," by Viña Delmar. Harcourt, Brace & Co. This is the story of the courtship, first married year, and baby of a boy and girl, earnest, anxious to "be good," "dumb," and foolish—the well-known backbone of America. It is truthful and moving, distinguished by honesty of purpose rather than by beauty of style. Reviewed June 13.

Non-Fiction

"Disraeli," by André Maurois, translated by Hamish Miles. D. Appleton & Co. You will enjoy this charming and vivid biography. Reviewed February 22.

"The Intelligent Woman's Guide to Socialism and Capitalism," by Bernard Shaw. Brentano's. Reviewed in this issue.

"Sunset Gun," by Dorothy Parker. Boni & Liveright. This delightful light verse is good summer reading. Reviewed June 6.

"Jesus, the Son of Man," by Emil Ludwig. Boni & Liveright. To be reviewed later by Amos N. Wilder.

"Strange Interlude," by Eugene O'Neill. Boni & Liveright. This play, in which the dramatist steals some of the novelist's best psychological thunder, is as good to read as to see; perhaps better. Reviewed in "Lights Down," February 22.

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swers. "The Island Within" is not only the island of Jewry in America. It is the island which is the soul of the child of Israel, its sensitivity, its piety, its emotional reactions in a body self-shaped in bitterness and fear to conform to an alien design.

From "The Woodcut of To-Day at Home and Abroad," published by The Studio Ltd.

MAN-MACHINES

A woodcut by Cecil Buller

"DESTINATIONS," by Gorham B. Munson. J. H. Sears & Co., Inc., and "Spokesmen: Modern Writers and American Life," by T. K. Whipple. D. Appleton & Co. These two books illustrate in a clear way the difference between strictly current and forward-looking criticism of contemporary American letters. Their titles explain the divergent view-points of their authors. Whipple writes of those writers who are now widely known and generally recognized as the spokesmen for their period, who are decidedly on the literary band-wagon. Munson speculates as to the destination toward which the long parade is moving and the possible leaders who may move up from their present positions, which, recognized indeed by those readers whose interest in literature is serious, are to the general public inconspicuous. Whipple does little but confirm the opinion of literate Americans who accept the position of such writers as Dreiser, Robinson, Sandburg, Lewis, and the whole school of romantics. Munson, on the other hand, questions to some extent the contribution of this school to American letters and dwells upon the tendency of the newer writers to return to a classical attitude.

Reading without critical appreciation is a perfectly legitimate if somewhat limited form of pleasure. Books are written to be read so. But there are an increasing number of readers who are vitally interested in literature, who understand it to be a running commentary upon life, and who could not, if they would, think of it as an incidental amusement. To such readers part of the interest in contemporary reading lies in the pleasure of analyzing, with and through the reading, tendencies in contemporary thought. And to them both "Spokesmen" and "Destinations" will be of interest. Whipple's book can give them no stimulus, but it may very well help them toward a clarification of their own ideas, especially if they find, as they probably will, a good deal in his book to disagree with. They will also disagree sometimes with Munson, but they will find him stimulating. His careful, almost mathematical charts of schools and influences, his admirable classifications of "replaceable writers" (among whom he puts some whom our reviewers are constantly hailing as immortal), are valuable even if arguable. And his analyses of the stupidly ignored among the older writers, the writers in the heyday of their popularity, and the inattentively noticed new writers are excellent. Whipple is a more entertaining writer, but Munson is a profounder critic. Whipple brings to his work the equipment of an able reviewer; Munson, a critic's discrimination and vision.

"QUIET Cities," by Joseph Hergesheimer. A. A. Knopf. In the long and interesting preamble to "Quiet Cities" Hergesheimer has indulged a wish shared by many novelists and has taken his readers at least part way into his experience in writing his book. He talks about his personal interests, enthusiasms, dislikes, his home, his affectations, and his reasons for preferring the past to the present. He has, he says, "been lost in the pasts of nine American cities," and those pasts have seemed good to him. And so they will to his readers, for in describing them Hergesheimer has used his most superb trick. He has masked rapier thrusts in swirls of lace, drawn scalping knives from the deep pockets of elegant gentlemen, and spread stains of blood across flowered waistcoats. Before the reader's gaze he has painted with vivid color the spectacle of Dutch days at Albany, where the British army is quartered before Ticonderoga; Pittsburgh in 1800 as seen through the eyes of a stalwart, garrulous old frontiersman who settled there fifty years earlier and saw Braddock and Dunwoodie; Natchez and the river gamblers; Boston in clipper-ship and Brook Farm days (this is the cleverest of the tales); New Orleans; Charleston under Negro rule after the war; Philadelphia and Valley Forge; Jackson and Van Buren in Washington; all finished, absorbing, properly melodramatic, graciously sentimental. Most people would not think of Hergesheimer as good reading for the young, but these stories ought to interest

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"Quiet Cities" is Hergesheimer at his best; not perhaps the best that "The Lay Anthony" promised, but the best that can be asked of the Hergesheimer of to-day. In "Quiet Cities" he writes of the past, and he writes short stories. He has always been most skillful in short-story technique, where setting and action are more important than profound character drawing, and where every paragraph, every incident, is pointed toward the direct furtherance of the plot. And the past is his peculiar province. He is, of course, romantic in the obvious sense; and he is wise. His attempts to romanticize what he describes as the "curbed" present have not been too successful. So he chooses to live expansively in the large past. And the sensuousness which is his most marked characteristic as a writer has full sway in the past. When he writes of the present, he has to feed his senses on radiator heat and the deep pile of carpets, on the taste of cocktails and the smack of white bodies against the green water of expensive tiled swimming-pools; he has to catalogue old chairs like any lady decorator and lick his chops over imported foods like a customer at the Vendôme delicatesssen. He is, when he writes of the present, "overstuffed." But in the past he may make free with the woods, with hearth-fires, with running streams, with the gay trappings and the homespun, the bravados and the brave gestures of years and lives that have been dignified by death.

Hergesheimer's style is neither pedantic nor precious; he achieves with great care a careless grace. For all that, for all his qualities, there is something false about his writing. It is, for us, intangible, but it is there. His work is as exquisite as a pearl, but it seems, somehow, more like the product of the industry of an artisan than of the anguish of an oyster! We enjoy and admire it, but suspect that it would not take vinegar to dissolve it.

"THE Intelligent Woman's Guide to Socialism and Capitalism," by Bernard Shaw. Brentano's. There was unwarranted optimism in last week's foot-note which suggested that an adequate review of what G. B. S. describes as his "last will and testament to humanity" would appear shortly. Such a review we cannot give. We have brought to the reading personal admiration and general (which does not mean intelligent) sympathy for Shaw's ideas. And we have found those ideas so clearly expressed that any one can understand them. But an adequate review would demand the patience to read at least twice a long and often repetitious book. We have read at it, earnestly, for two weeks, and we could give a résumé of the subjects covered by simply copying the table of contents, which is as long and as detailed as was to be expected from the dramatist whose forewords, stage directions, and instructions to audiences are the longest and most engaging extant. And an adequate review would also demand some understanding of political economy. We are such a woman, equipped with the average intelligence to which Shaw addresses himself, as should be his ideal reader, because he writes in clear and forceful language, and proves his points with the sort of individual application and personal touch which women proverbially like and use themselves. But the trouble with finding Shaw's ideal reader will not lie in a lack of intelligent ignoramæ or in husbands to take the peep over their shoulders which Shaw invites. It will come from a general lack of interest in the social and political questions which he discusses. It is the habit to speak of Shaw's plays as dated. To us they remain the most entertaining of modern plays. But dated his interests certainly are. Twenty years ago rich young men were selling all they had and giving to the poor, heiress débutantes were forsaking palaces for settlement houses. Today they are not thinking of social inequalities. For better or for worse, they are—the intelligent ones—seeking out the disused path of individualism, perhaps as an instinctive protest against mass culture, conformity in all things, and stultifying co-operation.

So it seems to us unlikely that G. B. S.'s last will and testament will be more enthusiastically received than the will of any old gentleman who, having stimulated, amused, and aroused his friends and relatives during a long and gorgeous life, has, upon dying, parceled out his estate among Foreign Boards, S. P. C. A.'s, and Snug Harbors.

Far be it from us to disparage a sincere book, written inevitably with wit and sprinkled with many readable and diverting pages. But capitalism is in the hands of the capitalists, moving down, Socialism, in the hands of the Socialists, moving up. So civilizations rise and change and vanish on the sphere of the world which moves, itself, in a universe sprinkled with stars. And the intelligence of men and of women is in God's hands, to do with as he sees fit. So we wish that G. B. S. would add a codicil to his will, his social philosophy, and the mind and manners of his time, inclosed, as he can do it, in a super-play.

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Springfield, Missouri

Picked at Random

By WALTER R. BROOKS

Stephen Raushenbush's
But Men Atwhiles Are Sober
A. & C. Boni

The trouble with Lathrop Baker was that he tried to run with the hare and hunt with the hounds. He was neither completely romantic nor completely hard-boiled. And so he lost his wife and he lost his lady-love, and in the end he lost his life—the complete futilitarian. This new mood, this *Ego-schmerz* which has taken the place of the *Weltschmerz* of a vanished generation, which knows that an emotion is only a visceral sensation, which wishes only to stand aside and not enjoy anything too much for fear of getting hurt, is dominant in the various characters. The book is interesting reading, like so many first novels, written before the author has learned to be stingy with his material. But when you have finished it you can only decide that the world today is a poor place for the weak romantic.

Men atwhiles are happy—but not in this book.

Alexander Porteous's
Forest Folklore, Mythology, and Romance
Macmillan

Here be elves and wood-wives and dwarfs and pixies and satyrs and wizards and dryads and trolls—all the grotesque and charming creatures with which men peopled the forest when the world was younger. "Enter these enchanted woods, you who dare!" You will find all the legends and customs and superstitions connected with trees interestingly told by one who loves his subject. There is a chapter devoted to Sacred Groves, there is discussion of the Wild Huntsman, of the Forest of Broceliande, of the Ash Yggdrasil, of the Yule Log—nothing connected with the forest is left out. If you have a feeling for the mystery and enchantment of the woods, you will want to own this book.

Sweden's Best Stories
Norway's Best Stories
Norton

Here are selections from two literatures which American readers know very little about. We know Strindberg and Lagerlöf among the Swedes; Hamsun, Undset, Lie, and Björnson among the Norwegians. But there are dozens of other names, important names, that we have never even heard of. Each of these countries has a rich and very characteristic literature, which, while owing much to other literatures, is yet very definitely Scandinavian, has a very definite pattern and tradition of its own. Of course, the best translation is a poor thing beside the original, but those who are curious to sail into hitherto uncharted literary seas, who find interest in an unfamiliar scene, will make discoveries in these books which will delight them.

N. Ognyov's
The Diary of a Communist Schoolboy
Payson & Clarke

It's not much like the little red schoolhouse, this Communist school, as you might have imagined. Frankly experimental, and for that worth watching This diary is an interesting record, and though not actually written by a schoolboy, it bears every evidence of being a truthful picture, although the organization is so different from anything you know that you will read a good many pages before you get the hang of what is really going on. If you are interested in the new Russia, in education, in life, you will find a good deal to think about in these pages.

The Play's the Thing

(Continued from page 385)

every one else in her class, regardless of mental equipment, facility, or tastes.

This is the reason why so many of our preparatory schools are failing to prepare. They are not turning out pupils with a real knowledge of English and mathematics, Latin and Greek and science. They are turning out young people with a smattering of many subjects, but no real grounding in any one. When I complained of this to one of our American school heads, he responded that the public high was not alone an academic school; that it tended to prepare for life rather than for college. But *does* it prepare for life? Does any school that teaches the easiest way, that pads the whole course of study, that does not encourage initiative, nor compel hard work, nor develop concentration, prepare any young person for life?

And in still another way it is failing. This system of entertainment that it is encouraging is ruinous to the average boy or girl of high school age. Many parents feel as I do—that they prefer to dictate the matter of their children's entertainment themselves; but I have two other objections to the prevailing plan: One is that I do not approve of all the things that come under the head of school entertainments. I myself have heard some speeches at the school assemblies which I felt were waste of my children's time. I do not believe in opening the school to what is pure advertising propaganda—to lectures on school savings (speaker furnished by a bank) or a talk on "The National Capital" (speaker furnished by the Baltimore and Ohio

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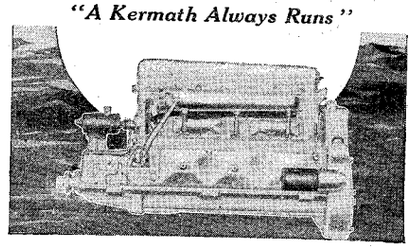

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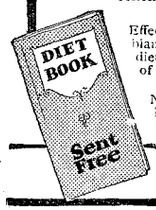

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Railroad). I do not approve of the late hours at which the evening entertainments often close. Never was any one more ungrateful than I for the favor of having my child entertained for me.

THE third objection is much more vital. The worst lesson in the world for the young is the idea that constant entertainment is a necessity. If schools are what they claim to be—a preparation for life—they can do no greater service than to teach their pupils how to entertain themselves, how to develop their own resources, how to make themselves independent of other people and other things. Instead of that, they are developing the idea that companionship and a planned program of amusement is an essential, that there must be "something doing" every moment of the waking day. A poor preparation for this earthly existence which offers so many days that are dull, stupid, and spiritless to the unresourceful.

As the schools are conducted now they are satisfying no one. The teachers are too overworked with their thousand and one duties; the parents are jealously feeling that too much is being taken out of their hands. And the young people, for whom all these things are being done, are the least satisfied of all. They have no time to themselves. Between enforced work and enforced play they have no freedom—no time for that blessed idleness, that liberty, that is real rest. They have recreation, but no re-creation.

"Why don't you ever leave me do anything without being 'let'?" said a five-year-old child I know to his mother. And that is the way the high school pupils feel.

It is far easier to grumble than to suggest an improvement, and I am no educator. But, from the point of view of a mother who sees in her family life some of the results of the present preparatory school system, I would offer the plan of more real work and more real freedom. As far as my own children are concerned, I would like them to have the actual study, unpadded, and with as little help as possible. I would like to have them learn to work for the "joy of the working," without reward or sugar-coating or boosting. And after the work is over I want them to play, away from the schoolhouse and their teachers, in the fresh air, with no Miss Havisham in sight. In the words of the immortal "Pinafore:"

> We stand to our guns all day.
> When at anchor we ride on the Portsmouth tide
> We have plenty of time to play.

And that is as it should be.

Otto the Magnificent

(Continued from page 387)

ingredients of one of the best antidotes against Bolshevism."

I have not yet disentangled every one of the motives from the cluster, nor expatiated upon motives which are none the less potent for not being acknowledged, such as vanity. That he feels a certain unease concerning economic inequalities already has been indicated. But he seeks also personal vindication. As representative of wealth, Otto H. Kahn wishes to give Divinity a better impression of millionaires than is implied in Wilde's saying, "God shows what he thinks of wealth by the people on whom he bestows it." Mr. Kahn himself acknowledges that wealth has been lavished upon so many individuals that mere possession of a fortune long has ceased to be a mark of distinction. He calls the dollar an instrument, a token of achievement merely, and says that rich men who are merely rich are sadly lacking in what art collectors call "scarcity value." He has alluded to "the enlightened selfishness of those who can afford to give," by which he means that in giving he not only confers benefits, but also derives them. By fostering the arts and by seeking to understand and to enjoy their freshest expression, he believes he has succeeded in keeping his appreciations supple. During the interview he referred to his love of the arts as giving his spirit something of the refreshing and renewing quality which a bath confers on the body.

It is obvious that he relishes life and art, which is as much a part of life as is the acquisiton of a fortune. In the quotation from Walter Pater's "The Renaissance" which he quotes in his book Mr. Kahn provides yet another clue to his motivation: "We have an interval, and then our place knows us no more. . . . Our one chance lies in expanding that interval, in getting as many pulsations as possible into the given time." Otto H. Kahn is seeking through his manifold activities to obtain the fruits of "a quickened, multiplied consciousness." Meaning, in our modern parlance, that there is more than one way of getting a kick out of life.

His service to human beings has been enormous, his contribution to art perhaps secondary. Were he concerned primarily with the satisfaction of vanity, he could have purchased this satisfaction at a lower price than is entailed by his patronage. At the least, he has indicated the way that might be followed by some other equally wealthy man who has acquired a more sure, an independent, footing in the realm of art.

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17 Miles from Boston on South Shore
Attractive estate for year-round residence; urban facilities and country joys with Colonial atmosphere in historic town. The house is of Colonial design, restored; 12 rooms, 3 baths, attractively and conveniently arranged, with fireplaces, hot-water heat, gas, and electricity. Two-car heated garage and carpenter shop, tool houses, sheds, poultry house, etc. There are about 50 acres of land, including meadow, wood, and pasture land, and charmingly landscaped perennial and rock gardens. Convenient to R. R. station. Address Owner, P. O. Box 64, Hingham, Mass.

New Hampshire

$3,500
In Southern New Hampshire
One and a half story house, 8 rooms, and barn, built 1840, on village green; partially furnished, 4 post beds; open fireplace, furnace, pump in kitchen; old-fashioned flower garden, large porch, fine shade trees, ¾ acre land, also 40-acre wood lot. About 30 mi. from Keene, Concord or Peterboro; 90 mi. from Boston. Good roads. Box 21, Washington, N.H.

New Jersey

HANDSOME HOMES IN HACKENSACK and vicinity, all improvements; easy commuting; small cash, balance like rent. ORVIS, 293 Main St., Hackensack, N. J.

LITTLE FALLS, N. J. (just beyond Montclair). Attractive 10-room house, improvements, plot 100x170, 2-car garage; splendid trees and shrubs, choice restricted section; convenient to train, bus, school, church. Reasonable terms to desirable buyer. P. TREDWAY, 167 Wilmore Road.

New York

PLOT 100 x 100 overlooking large lake; wonderful summer location; beautiful views; adjoining railroad station, Harlem Division, New York Central, direct to Grand Central; bathing, boating, fishing. Full price $475; easy terms. MULLER, 45 Eastern Parkway, Brooklyn.

For sale or rent Adirondacks Six room log camp, furnished, on beautiful Indian Lake. Address LOG CAMP, Little Falls, N. Y.

Great River, L. I. about 4¾ acres, excellent location on river road, about one-half mile south of Merrick Rd. E. A. Hart, 1285 Dean St., Bklyn, N.Y. Lafayette 4615-W

New York

WESTCHESTER COUNTY
Choice plot, 100x100, excellent home site, high, dry, and healthy, adjoining railroad station. Bathing, boating, fishing; overlooking large lake, beautiful views. Full price $475. Very easy terms. O. McGOLRICK, 859 Flatbush Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Apartments

For Rent till October, 5-room furnished apartment. Faces Central Park. References exchanged. R. T. COLBY, 230 W. 59th St., N. Y. C.

A Mart of the Unusual

C-FAR FIELD GLASSES, $2
Consists of two rimmed lenses in neat leather case, slips into vest pocket, weighs only 1½ ounces. Gives 6 diameters magnification. Money back if not satisfied. Send $2 today to BUFFALO OPTICAL CO., Dept. TO-1, 574 Main Street, Buffalo, N. Y.

The Faith of the Scientist

(*Continued from page 388*)

experiment is harmful, since it deludes.

It seems reasonable, to the scientist at least, to believe that all natural phenomena have meaning. But he cannot prove it, or he would have done so ere this, if for no other reason than to save himself the handicaps imposed on his activities by those who disagree.

The fourth article of faith is a belief in man's intelligence. The scientist must have faith in man's ability to probe the infinite, and by probing to approximate the truth. He must assume that the human intelligence, at its highest level, is really capable of thinking straight, of reasoning from effect to cause. He must take it for granted that the most capable human minds are able to draw correct inferences, providing that sufficient data are available. And yet at this point he must make an admission which the fanatic and the ignoramus consider highly damaging to science. He must grant that the absolute truth can never be attained, because nature's laws are not written down. They are indicated by facts, and he can never be sure he has a sufficient number of the vital facts to interpret them correctly.

FURTHERMORE, many philosophers have questioned man's ability to reason correctly. Therefore we must admit that our confidence in any man's ability to draw the correct set of inferences from any complete set of phenomena is based on faith, pure faith, and nothing else.

The scientist does not deal with the question of purpose. Science is concerned with processes, and not with purposes. No scientist can say what the purpose of the universe may be, or even whether there be any purpose to the universe, or to any given set of phenomena within it. Such would be presumption altogether unscientific. These matters belong to philosophy and religion.

Finally, there is the last and most inspiring article in the creed. The scientist believes that the nearest approximation to the truth which is possible can do no harm to any rational human being. Any less than this is unworthy of him. He believes that man's destiny, if man have a destiny, can best be fulfilled by groping forward in the half-light shed by science. His faith in science makes him certain that, even though he never reached the Truth, this is better than to crouch in his ancestral cave, overwhelmed by the darkness of ancient superstition and unreasoning prejudice.

But that farmer would have lost his faith in science if I had told him this.

The Movies

(*See page 390*)

"Abie's Irish Rose."—Just like the play. It's a system.
"Across to Singapore."—Ramon Novarro and Ernest Torrence pulling nautical rough stuff.
"The Big City."—Lon Chaney using his regular face.
"The Big Noise."—Chester Conklin and some pretty biting satire.
"Burning Daylight."—Won't set fire to anything.
"The Chaser."—Harry Langdon scores a miss.
"Chicago."—Just like the play—this is praise.
"The Circus."—If you don't like Chaplin, you're the funny one.
"The Crowd."—A sad story, beautifully directed.
"Dawn."—The soul-stirring drama of Edith Cavell.
"Doomsday."—Oh, dear, oh, dear, oh, dear!
"Dressed to Kill."—The ace of the crook plays.
"The Drag Net."—Don't ask us why you'll like it—go and see it.
"Drums of Love."—Pomp, pathos, and Lionel Barrymore.
"The End of St. Petersburg."—Startlingly fine Russian production.
"Fazil."—Charles Farrell and Greta Nissen in something terribly phony.
"Four Sons."—It's a fine film, but too long.
"Fools for Luck."—Chester Conklin and W. C. Fields—but the verdict is "No."
"The Gaucho."—No one is perfect—not even Douglas Fairbanks.
"Glorious Betsy."—The second talking movie. Still not good enough.
"Hangman's House."—Swell photography, good direction, and good acting.
"The Jazz Singer."—Al Jolson sings, and that's all.
"Kentucky Courage."—A successor to "Tol'able David," with Richard Barthelmess.
"The Last Command."—The great Jannings. See it.
"The Last Moment."—Good photography, but little else.
"The Legion of the Condemned."—The so-called sequel to "Wings."
"Love."—Greta Garbo and John Gilbert. Recommended.
"A Night of Mystery."—Adolphe Menjou—just fair.
"The Man Who Laughs."—An impressive, entertaining picture.
"Mother Machree."—A nice, mushy Irish-American drama.
"The News Parade."—The cameraman and his adventures. Pleasant enough.
"The Noose."—A moderately absorbing film, with Richard Barthelmess, Alice Joyce, and Montague Love.
"Partners in Crime."—Wallace Beery and Raymond Hatton in a darned good comedy.
"The Patsy."—King Vidor directs Marion Davies. to the credit of neither.
"Ramona."—Scenically beautiful, but pretty syrupy.
"Red Hair."—Clara Bow in her big disrobing act.
"Sadie Thompson."—Gloria Swanson trying hard.
"The Secret Hour."—Pola Negri in a good picture.
"Shooting Stars."—Don't bother.
"Simba."—The Martin Johnson masterpiece.
"Skyscraper."—Thoroughly enjoyable.
"The Smart Set."—William Haines at his worst.
"Something Always Happens."—An amusing little thriller, with the ornamental Esther Ralston.
"Speedy."—You can't go wrong on Harold Lloyd.
"Stand and Deliver."—Rod La Rocque in one of those things.
"Steamboat Bill, Jr."—Buster Keaton in a really funny one.
"The Strange Case of Captain Ramper."—Out of the ordinary.
"Street Angel."—A beautiful, tiresome picture.
"The Street of Sin."—Regardless of Emil Jannings, we thought it was terrible.
"Sunrise."—Dr. Murnau's supreme achievement.
"Tempest."—John Barrymore comes into his own. Cheers!
"Tenderloin."—The first (and worst) talking movie.
"Three Sinners."—Pola Negri in a bad picture.
"The Trail of '98."—The grandest scenes now on view.
"The Triumph of The Rat."—Ivor Novello and Isabel Jeans in a British effort.
"Two Lovers."—Last of the Colman-Bankys. Interesting.
"We Americans."—Mediocre melting-pot stuff.
"Wings."—The great epic of the war-birds.

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